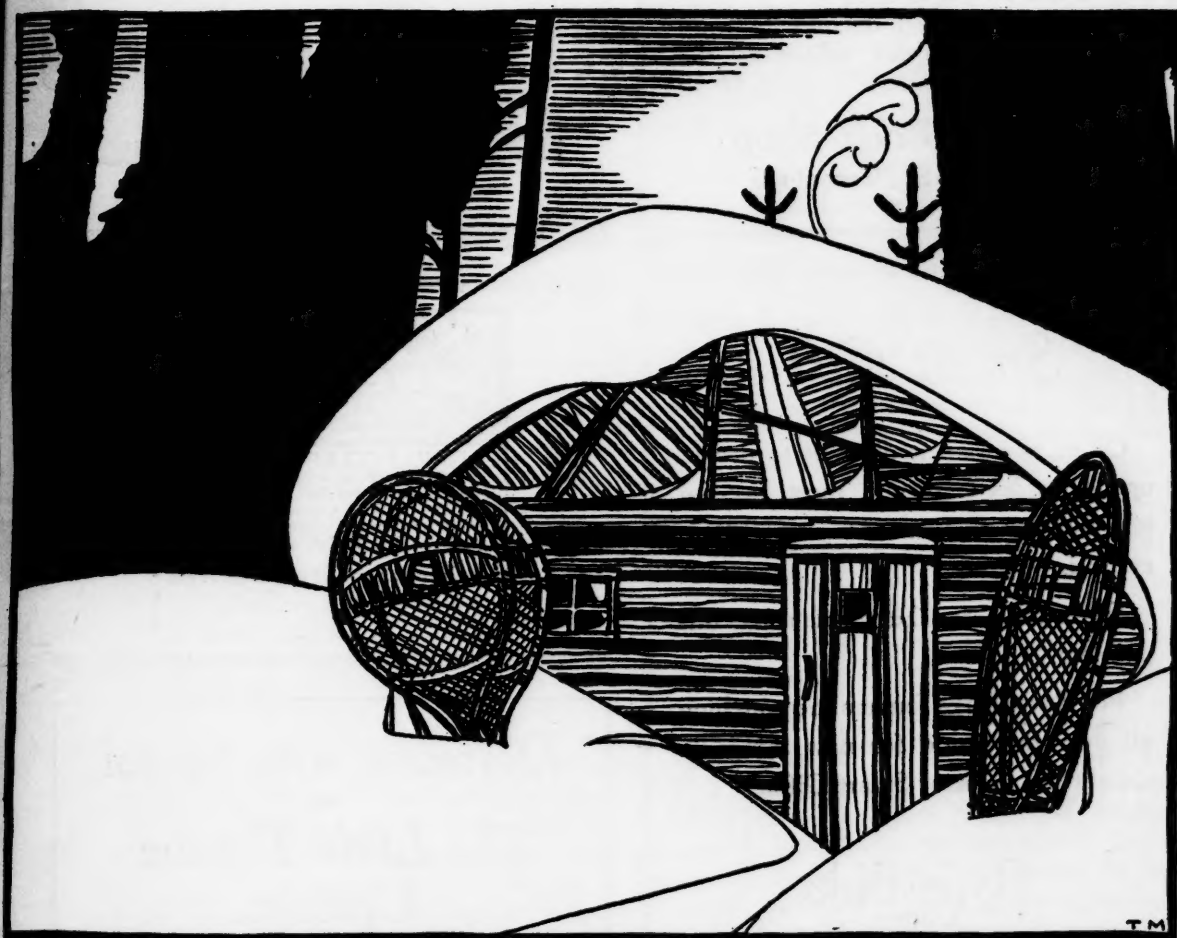


WINTER BOOK NUMBER

THE CANADIAN FORUM

A Monthly Journal of Literature and Public Affairs



Price 25¢ Yearly 2.00
Published at 152 St. George St. Toronto

DECEMBER - 1925
Vol. VI. - No. 63

IMPORTANT BOOKS

CANDID CHRONICLES. Leaves from the notebook of a Canadian Journalist. By Hector Charlesworth. . \$4.00

"Come, all ye lovers of companionable books, old and new, salute a new benefactor! Hector Charlesworth, critic and writer. . . Possess yourself of a copy." Willison's Monthly. November.

GREY'S MEMOIRS. 2 Vols. . \$10.00

PAGE LETTERS. Vol. 3 . . . \$5.00

PUBLIC LIFE. By Spender.

2 Vols. \$9.00

THE FIRST NAPOLEON.

Some unpublished documents from the Bowood Papers, edited by the Earl of Kerry \$6.50

Tyrrell's Book Shop

780 Yonge St., Toronto 5

What 'Orange Pekoe' Means

Many buyers of tea have come to ask for "Orange Pekoe" believing that it signifies fine quality. This is not, however, necessarily the case. In the trade "Orange Pekoe" is only a name given to the first leaf below the bud or tip on any Indian or Ceylon tea bush. An "Orange Pekoe" leaf grown at a high elevation usually possesses a very fine flavour. If, however, the plant is grown at a low elevation, it may still be "Orange Pekoe," but also be of very poor quality. The consumer's only safeguard is to buy a tea of recognized goodness. High grown "Orange Pekoes" comprise a large part of every blend of "SALADA" and give to "SALADA" its unequalled flavour.

"SALADA"

TEA

Smart Gifts

Often you find it difficult to decide upon the loveliest and most tasteful gift for just the amount you wish to expend.

Ryrie-Birks can help you solve this problem.

For Ryrie-Birks' buyers are watching all over the world for new things to delight the giver of Smart Gifts.

Ryrie-Birks
LIMITED

134-136-138 Yonge Street
TORONTO



ONTARIO COLLEGE OF ART
Grange Park - Toronto
 DRAWING · PAINTING · MODELLING · DESIGN
 DIPLOMA COURSE · JUNIOR COURSE
 TEACHERS COURSE · COMMERCIAL ART
 G·A·REID R·C·A· Principal

SESSION 1925-26 OPENED OCT. 5th
 For Prospectus apply to Registrar

Dramatic Arts School and The Little Theatre Upstairs

Private and Class Lessons in every branch of Education

734 YONGE ST.

Ran. 3745



THE CANADIAN FORUM

General Editor : RICHARD DE BRISAY. Associate Editors : BARKER FAIRLEY, J. E. H. MACDONALD
FRED JACOB, HUNTLY K. GORDON, GEORGE HUNTER, J. FRANCIS WHITE, Business Manager

Published monthly at 152 St. George Street, Toronto. British Agents, Imperial News Company, Limited, Breems Buildings, London, E.C.4; American Agents, Hotelling's News Agency, 308 West 40th Street, New York City. Copyright, October, 1920.

VOL. VI.

TORONTO, DECEMBER, 1925

No. 63

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL COMMENT	- - - - -	ART, INDOORS AND OUT	- - - - -	J. MacD.
THE END OF THE WAR	- - - - -	FOLK SONGS OF FRENCH CANADA	- - - - -	E. MacM.
THE FISCAL FUTURE OF CANADA—II	- J. A. Stevenson	OTHER REVIEWS	- - - - -	
BOOKS—		HABITANT INTERIOR	- - - - -	Arthur Lismer
THE GENIUS OF OSLER	- - - - - G. E. J.	THE STAGE	- - - - -	Fred Jacob
CARNOT'S PRINCIPLE	- - - - - G. H.	THE READER'S FORUM	- - - - -	
THE MAKING OF A POET	- - - - - H. J. Davis	THE TREND OF BUSINESS	- - - - -	Philip Woolfson

THE RESULT OF THE ELECTIONS

THE chief result of the Federal elections has been the production of an unusually large crop of disappointed statesmen, as there probably has never been a political struggle in Canada so inconclusive and unsatisfactory from the standpoint of the keen partisan. Optimistic members of the two main parties are attempting to gather such crumbs of consolation as may be discerned, but even regarded through the rosier of glasses the situation is not one to induce extravagant exhilaration among the loyal followers of either Mr. King or Mr. Meighen. Conservative stalwarts are expressing a certain qualified enthusiasm over their achievement in securing the largest group in the House, making gains in nearly every province, compassing the defeat of the Prime Minister and reducing his General Staff to the dimensions of a Corporal's Guard. The more resilient of Mr. Mackenzie King's retinue are extracting such meagre solace as may be found in the circumstance that a majority of the new House will be members who have been elected on a quasi-liberal platform, and that most of the Progressive members who now hold the balance of power will probably go to considerable lengths in support of the present Government rather than run the risk of another costly campaign and a possible loss of indemnities. Under the circumstances, the Prime Minister is obviously pursuing the most reasonable course in assembling Parliament at the earliest opportunity and allowing the House to decide

whether or no the present régime shall be given a vote of confidence and permitted to carry on the King's Government for the time being.

IF, when Parliament reassembles, Mr. Meighen is determined to overthrow the Liberal Government at the first opportunity and make another appeal to the country, he should find no insuperable barriers in his way. Any majority that the present Government can muster will necessarily be small and rather intractable, and an aggressive opposition should find little difficulty in forcing an unfavourable division. This will undoubtedly be sound strategy on the part of Mr. Meighen if he believes that he can capture enough new seats to give him a clear majority. Unfortunately for his hopes, the walls of Quebec show little indication of tottering before the vigorous trumpeting of the Tories, and if he is unable to make any further inroads into that province it will be difficult for him to carry a sufficient number of additional ridings in the rest of the Dominion. Another indecisive election would almost certainly bring about a new alignment in Canadian politics. Senator David and M. Bourassa are already making tentative proposals for the formation of a new 'National' party, which would provide a comfortable home for all Conservative Liberals and Liberal Conservatives, that is to say the great mass of the respectable and well-to-do electorate. If the racial and religious differences of Ontario and Quebec could be overcome, there is nothing in the present

policies of the two historical parties to prevent such an amalgamation, and the average Liberal is now more closely allied to Conservative than to Progressive or Labour tenets. This would mean that for a long time to come we should have a very substantial business government of the 'safe and sane' order, with a gradually increasing opposition which would be composed mainly of Farmer-Labour elements. The most serious difficulty which such a consolidated party must face would be the inordinate increase of applicants for every post of emolument, but at least the successful aspirants would acquire a much greater security of tenure.

THE DOMINIONS AND THE PACT

THE attitude of the Dominions towards the Locarno Agreement will be awaited with interest in Great Britain. Already their relation to the treaty has been discussed at Westminster: the Labour Party, having sponsored the Geneva Protocol, could hardly be expected to accept a substitute without a protest, and they have used the 'exclusion' of the Dominions as a stick to beat the Government; but it is unlikely that any resentment against Great Britain's course will be expressed in the overseas legislatures of the Commonwealth. Common sense should save us from that; and the only question is whether we will now take advantage of the opportunity offered us to add Canada's signature to these new treaties of peace. When the Geneva Protocol was under discussion Mr. King's objections were interpreted as being founded on Canada's peculiar position in relation to the United States. That can not well be indicated as a sound reason against endorsing the Security Pact, and if we do not voluntarily profess our readiness to do so it will be obvious to the world that it is our national prejudice against foreign commitments that is responsible. For our part, we would like to see Canada endorse every international agreement that makes for the strengthening of the League of Nations. To sign in this case would be to accept a risk; but we cannot avoid risks in this world, and every additional sanction will help to ensure peace. It would have a far-reaching moral effect if the Dominions should come forward of their own free will and add their signatures to that of Great Britain; but we dare not hope that such an act is within the field of practical politics, in this Dominion at least.

ANOTHER MERGER

ACCORDING to latest advices the Canadian asbestos merger will shortly become an accomplished fact. Seven or eight of the most important firms have decided to amalgamate, and the new company will be in an exceptionally strong position as Quebec produces between eighty and ninety per cent. of the world's supply of asbestos. It is indi-

cative of the great change that has taken place in the popular appreciation of economics that a merger of this description is now greeted with general satisfaction. A generation ago Roosevelt was conducting his trust-busting campaign in the United States with the clamorous approval of the multitude, whereas now monopoly is generally accepted as a forward step in the evolution of modern business. We are sufficiently insular in our views to prefer a Canadian monopoly operated by local finance under Canadian management, rather than see our small companies selling out to American corporations. Probably only through the formation of trusts, with the reduction of overhead and improvement of technique which this permits, can many branches of Canadian industry hold their own against the competition of American big business. As an increasing number of industries reach the monopoly stage, it will necessitate a greater degree of state control of business, and although such regulations will prove somewhat unpopular in financial circles, the only alternative, business control of the State, is not one that the Canadian people could tolerate.

AN EBB-TIDE IN DEMOCRACY

MUSSOLINI, in opening the new session of the Italian Chamber of Deputies, made a statement which can only be interpreted as a direct challenge to the fundamentals of democratic principle. He said in part: 'The parliamentary system was good in the past but to-day it is insufficient for the needs and passions of modern society.' Just when, at the cost of the most destructive war in history, we congratulated ourselves on having made the world safe for democracy, one nation after another has flown off at a tangent and instituted a form of administration which is subversive of all the most sacred theories of representative government. It was popularly believed that the heavy mortality among emperors and monarchs of various descriptions which has been one of the more pleasant features of the last decade presaged the extirpation of that tenacious tradition, 'the divine right of Kings'; but our geometrical progression would assuredly be in the form of a vicious circle if we were to substitute in its stead the divine right of the Dictator. Russia, Italy, Spain, Persia, Turkey, and Hungary are all ruled by acknowledged individual or group dictatorships, and in several other states a small group governs the country under a camouflage of popular government. It is inevitable that this new form of despotism will dig its own grave as the intoxication of power leads to new excesses and suppressions of personal liberty—as, for instance, in Italy, where Signor Mussolini began by dictating in a limited and temperate fashion, but warming to his work has now become absolutely intolerant of the slightest breath of criticism.

IN order that we might produce a book number sufficiently comprehensive to be of some value, we have found it necessary to restrict the usual departments of our journal and to omit some of its regular features. We hope that this will be agreeable to our readers and assure them that Trade and Industry, etc., will appear as usual in future numbers.

PROFESSOR JAMES MAVOR

A CORRESPONDENT writes: Thirty years ago Canada, for many who lived outside its boundaries, was not only the country of the snow and the wheat, but also the mysterious abode of that genuine product of modern civilization, Professor James Mavor, the spiritual wanderer, the curious traveler, who every summer rounded the face of the earth with inquisitive impatience, anxious to know what everybody was doing. He used to land in London by June, not for any official conference, nor to approach ministers and diplomats, but to talk with the *brain-men* of Europe who very seldom condescend to be politicians. Then was the time when talk was supreme, and the witty remarks around the tables of bridge in the clubs of Piccadilly sealed the doom of many governments or prepared the success for the new men. And amidst the group of editors, publishers, doctors, and bankers of the metropolis appeared, *par inter pares*, Mavor the Canadian, still with some snow flakes in his beard but excelling everybody in wit and knowledge. Canada, therefore, was not only a region on the map, but a place of universities and professors of the most genial and congenial type, a real extension of Britain, a strange thing, a romantic thing, and perhaps more interesting than the ground of intrigues at Westminster!

After a hasty survey of the situation in London, Mavor, the Canadian, would be flying to other lands, to feel the pulse of the world by other races and in other countries. For him nothing seemed to be too remote or too different. The Russian, Japanese, Icelandic, and French *brain-men* accepted him, James Mavor, as the super-Canadian or at least as the only Canadian accessible to them. For a long time Mavor was the spiritual ambassador of Canada to the real world, the only real world, the world of art, thought, hopes, and knowledge. After his mission was fulfilled abroad, at the end of September, Mavor would return to Canada to give his precious information to the builders of the land and be their teacher—more by what he did not do than by what he did. Others were making money and he did not care for it; others were buying grounds and he was buying books; others were ruling as governors, he was teaching as a professor. What a strange man! How pleased Van Horne had been if some day Mavor had rendered a bill in five figures for his advice regarding transportation and

colonization! Even the Federal Government wanted to pay for his reports, but he, foolish man, always answered that he was a professor and paid as a professor for these national services.

During the war Mavor, notwithstanding his excitable temper, kept calm, sure of winning. He used to say, 'I have played chess often with the Germans, and I know they are very buoyant at first, but always lose the game through bad tactical mistakes in the end.' He was more worried over the present turn of the world—the masses repeating the old craziness of wanting to interfere, labour coming on again with the old nonsensical ambition, not willing to be run from the bridge tables of Piccadilly. Then that silly talk about public ownership and the rest. . . . He, Mavor, had already talked this with Bernard Shaw, Kropotkin, and others better qualified than the labour-man of the day.

He died like his friend Tolstoy with the rod and the staff in his hand. He was going to see for himself the mess that was being made in Italy and Spain by the new rulers. He was still travelling, thinking, planning—and two or three little nerves of his heart decided to stop. He had to go to the grave—bad place for him, the restless Canadian! But worse yet for Canada. Only lawyers and preachers take Mavor's place.

THE END OF THE WAR

AT the time of going to press there seems no reason to fear that anything will prevent the Locarno Agreement being signed in London on December 1st by the representatives of the powers concerned. As it is now nearly a month since the particulars of the eight documents which make the treaty were given to the press, almost everything has been said about them that could be said. The only contribution we can make to the discussion is a suggestion that the first of December be declared a public holiday in every country that fought in the war as being the day that marks its real conclusion, and that the event be fittingly celebrated with public bonfires of all surviving war stores and war trophies.

For that is the real achievement of the Locarno Agreement. As a substitute for the Geneva Protocol which was designed to prevent war in the future, it is in itself of comparatively little value. Its achievement considered in that light is merely the elimination of war on the eastern frontier of France instead of the elimination of war on the frontiers of forty-seven nations; its issue as regards the eastern frontiers of Germany is in treaties of arbitration between Germany and Poland and Germany and Czecho-Slovakia which still permit war in the last resort; its achievement as regards England's commitments as an automatic force for peace is restricted to a guarantee that only applies

to aggression on the part of France or Germany. These are short steps in the right direction which we welcome sincerely, even though we will not be satisfied until a general agreement is reached that will outlaw war and secure all countries with adequate sanctions against aggression, but in themselves they are hardly enough to warrant an enthusiastic welcome as ensuring the permanent peace of Europe. They do not ensure the security of Europe: they merely ensure the security of France—of all countries the one least in need of it. And yet we will experience an extraordinary feeling of relief and exhilaration when these treaties are signed, for they will make peace between the nations that fought in the Great War.

On November 11th, 1918, we all thought that we had finished with the war; a year later when the Treaty of Versailles was signed under protest by the representatives of Germany we all knew that peace was not yet. During the bad years that followed we experienced the hope deferred that makes the heart sick; conference succeeded conference and the purpose of each was frustrated by the spirit of war; Germany has been treated consistently as an enemy and has in turn regarded the Allies in the same light, while France has time and again wrecked our hopes of any betterment by an apparently implacable adherence to a policy designed to cripple Germany forever. The Agreement of Locarno has changed all that. France has at last turned from a policy of destruction to one of reconciliation; on December 1st the army of occupation will begin the evacuation of Cologne; during the next few weeks Germany is expected to enter the League of Nations as an honoured equal; already French and German statesmen have again sat at the same board and clinked glasses filled from the same bottle. These are the things which prove that peace is with us and that the days of hate and fear are over. They show the change in the hearts of men.

And in sealing our peace with Germany new strength is given to the League of Nations. So long as neither Germany nor Russia was a member its

motives were open to suspicion and its powers were inhibited. Now Germany is to join, and this—despite M. Lietvinoff's protests—means that Russia will probably follow if all goes well. But besides this signal achievement, it is to be regarded as something of a triumph for the statesmen who negotiated the treaties that instead of insisting on the rights of their nations to decide the issues of war and peace they have strengthened the League in every case by subordinating the powers of the individual nations concerned to its authority. In any future case of threatened hostilities the League will be able to act with a consciousness of power not previously enjoyed. More than that, it will now be able to apply itself whole-heartedly to the world's social and economic problems with which it was originally designed to cope, no less than with political disputes, and which have received too little attention owing to the constant preoccupation with 'security' which has dominated every assembly that has yet been held.

The Agreement at Locarno was doubtless furthered by various political and economic forces; it would be ungenerous now to dwell on any motives of national expediency which may have played a part; but it is safe to say that the great factor in its achievement has been an increasing good-will in the peoples concerned. That good-will is now freed to work in a hundred different channels towards the reconstruction of Europe and the betterment of world conditions. For the past seven years peace has been an end with the western European nations; now that it has been secured it can be regarded in its true light as a means to achieve greater things. The evilness of our condition is revealed in the modesty of our ambition: all that we can think of as the result of peace is disarmament, which in a sane world would be merely one of the natural conditions of life. We hope that a peace so hardly won will be used to more positive ends than that; that the reconciled nations will now begin to look forward not only to the United States of Europe but to the United States of the World.

THE FISCAL FUTURE OF CANADA—II

BY J. A. STEVENSON

THE fundamental argument for the maintenance of a rigid system of tariff protection in Canada is that it is essential to the preservation of our separate political identity. Few people will challenge the desirability of this ideal, for with all its imperfections there is a special quality about Canadian civilization, noted by André Siegfried and other detached observers, which is worth preserving and would be liable to disappear if this Dominion became absorbed

by the neighbouring Republic. Moreover the political consolidation of the whole area of North America lying between the Gulf of Mexico and the Arctic Circle would produce a society of too unwieldy a structure for satisfactory governance, and there is also a distinct value in the competitive comparison available in the existence side by side of two radically divergent forms of government in a continent whose relative importance in the scheme of this planet grows year by

year. But is it quite certain that a system of high protectionism, a wall built, brick for brick, to match the barrier of the Fordney tariff, will achieve the desired result?

There can be no dispute that since this century began American capital has effected a tremendous penetration into the economic life of Canada, its proportionate share of the capital of Canadian industries having been placed as high as 45 per cent., and for this development the chief credit is always allocated to our tariff. Americans undoubtedly control our motor, electrical, rubber, and aluminium industries; they have a very large share in the pulp and paper industry; they have furnished more than half the capital for the profitable mining developments in Ontario, Quebec, and British Columbia; they have extensive lumber interests and a substantial foothold in various branches of the canning industry. Exact data are nowhere available, but it is common knowledge there is scarcely a line of Canadian industry upon which American capital has not fastened its tentacles. Indeed it might be said that it has only kept them off such industries as, for some reason or other, have not been enjoying prosperity. Yet it is exactly these backward or decaying industries which are loudest in their clamours for a higher tariff, and, if its enactment were to bring them to a state of flourishing prosperity, nothing is more likely than that their controllers would at an early date succumb to the same temptations as have assailed companies like the General Electric Co. of Canada and the Christie-Brown Biscuit Co. and become an integral part of some great American combination. It is by no means an imaginary danger that if two exactly parallel systems of protection came into existence cheek by jowl on the North American continent, their beneficiaries would soon be involved in the closest of alliances, and from this basis there would gradually develop a movement for a complete merger between them to wipe out the inconvenience of a dividing line which had become a hindrance to their activities. Many Conservatives who fondly believe that a close imitation of the fiscal policy of the United States means immunity from political engulfment in the Republic may live to discover the fallacy of their views.

To-day there exist in the sphere of tradition, law, political institutions, and, in a lesser degree, of social customs very marked differences between the two great communities of North America, and they have been reinforced by three great economic experiments which have no serious counterpart in the United States. The Canadian National Railway system, the Hydro-Electric Commission of Ontario, and the co-operative wheat pools of the Prairie Provinces have all passed beyond the experimental stage and reveal a tendency on the part of the Canadian people to col-

lectivist effort at a time when a passionate hostility to it seems to dominate the economic thought of the United States. For the evolution of the Canadian National system and the Hydro-Electric Commission, the Conservative Party deserves the main credit, and their support of them is in complete accord with the traditional mission of the party of Macdonald, the preservation of Canada's separate identity as an integral part of the British Commonwealth of Nations. Nor must another marked point of differentiation be forgotten. Since the Great War the United States, for reasons in which the majority of its citizens acquiesce, has adopted a policy of resolute political isolation and has stood coldly outside the movement to a new international order which has found vital and effective expression in the League of Nations. To this movement Canada is to her honour irretrievably committed, and among European countries she has thereby acquired a special credit and prestige which is not without its material advantages. If the Canadian people desire, as the vast majority of them undoubtedly do desire, to preserve their political independence, the true route to that goal lies in steady perseverance along the path of liberal internationalism upon which they have now set their feet, and in the encouragement of developments calculated to keep their economic life free from the domination of the overgrown capitalist organizations which have their centres in the United States.

For the latter purpose the policy designated by the name of Imperial Preference has to many people seemed to offer great possibilities and has received the benefit of zealous advocacy in all the British countries. To a limited degree it has been put into practical operation, but, as was pointed out in a previous article, its results have not fulfilled the hopes of its promoters; and with its definite rejection for the third time by the British electorate in 1923 the further progress of this particular idea seems to be hopelessly blocked. It has been found impossible to reconcile within a preference system the free-trade policy of the mother country and the protectionist policies of the Dominions. Britain adopted in 1847, and has since that date firmly adhered to, a free-trade policy from the conviction of her people that such a system was most suitable to her very special conditions; and it is incredible that without adopting it she could have acquired her present population and wealth. The Dominions, on the other hand, and now India, have taken the protectionist path because they desired to develop a varied industrial life within their own bounds and to maintain high standards of living for their inhabitants. The early advocates of Imperial Preference like Mr. Joseph Chamberlain agreed in regarding the system as a stepping stone to free trade within the limits of the British Commonwealth, and it was dread of this ter-

rible bogey which ranged a large majority of the manufacturing interests of the Dominion against it and which keeps them its hostile critics.

Heretofore the supreme objection in the Dominions to free trade within the Commonwealth has been the argument that as long as Great Britain refused to abandon the tenets of Cobdenism, free trade with her meant free trade with the universe and exposure of Dominion industries to the fatal competition of cheap European and Asiatic labour. On their side, the British people felt that as long as there was no chance of converting the Dominions from their belief in local protectionism, it was unwise to part company with a fiscal policy which had served them remarkably well and from the point of view of world trade had many obvious advantages.

But while the policy pursued by each unit of the Commonwealth in the pre-war epoch may have had much to recommend it, the events of the great war and its economic innovations have wrought enormous changes which may have destroyed the utility of policies formerly profitable. To-day, both Britain and Canada are experiencing a disastrous drain of the flower of their populations to the United States for the simple reason that to manual workers and other classes the United States is able to offer better material terms of life than the British Commonwealth. But will any one say that the British Commonwealth has in the aggregate less resources than the United States? It grows every possible kind of food product, and every type of forest growth and mineral deposit is to be found within its territory; but lack of a decent organization of its economic life prevents the utilization of these resources for the fullest possible benefit to its inhabitants and enables the more compact and better organized United States to offer them compelling allurements.

There is no room for doubt but that the British Commonwealth could not merely supply practically all its own needs but could banish all problems of poverty and unemployment from its bounds if its resources were intelligently and vigorously developed, and it is difficult to deny that these resources could be much more rapidly utilized under a system of internal free trade than in any other way. The comparatively disappointing growth of the Dominions in population has already been demonstrated, and there is no evidence that loyalty to their present fiscal systems will promote any acceleration of their pace of growth.

The cost of production is high in Canada and the other Dominions, and it is the price deliberately paid for the policy of transferring industries by the instrumentality of tariffs to regions which lack the population necessary to provide a market compatible with large-scale, and therefore cheap, production. As a result, the ability of the Dominions to compete in

world-markets with their foodstuffs and raw materials is lowered, the primary industries can absorb fewer immigrant workers, population grows slowly, and manufacturing employment does not expand rapidly. Wherever adequate local markets exist, as they do for farm implements and automobiles, Canadian manufacturers can usually hold their own against foreign competition, and in many other commodities distance itself sets up a formidable protective barrier.

What Canada and the other Dominions with their present craving for population should be primarily concerned with is a general cost of production sufficiently low to permit the rapid expansion of their primary industries, farming, fishing, mining, and the utilization of forest products. If these are placed on a healthy and steadily expanding basis, they will attract an increasing flow of immigrants and be able to absorb them, and as the population grows both the number and prosperity of the secondary manufacturing industries will increase. Proof of this contention can be found in the economic history of the United States where the centre of manufacturing industry has moved steadily westward almost parallel with the centre of population. The people of Winnipeg have often been told that their city can never become a great industrial centre without stiff protection against the competition of American industries. But it is pertinent to ask why Minneapolis, Omaha, and a score of other American middle-western cities have become important centres of industry without a vestige of protection from the industries of the eastern states which were well established when Indians and trappers were the only inhabitants of Minnesota and Nebraska. The source of the manufacturing prosperity of these cities, as of Winnipeg's growth, lies in the steady increment of wealth and purchasing power in the tributary communities whose people are mostly occupied in agriculture and other basic industries.

Free trade within the Commonwealth might do some temporary injury to Montreal, Toronto, Sher-

(Continued on Page 98.)

THE CANADIAN FORUM is published by a committee of people interested in public affairs, science, art, and literature, and more particularly in the newer developments of those aspects of life in this country. The committee is composed of the following members:

RICHARD DE BRISAY	GEORGE HUNTER
MERRILL DENISON	FRED JACOB
BARKER FAIRLEY	J. E. H. MACDONALD
MARGARET A. FAIRLEY	VERA PARSONS
H. K. GORDON	JOHN D. ROBINS
LAWREN HARRIS	J. FRANCIS WHITE
SAMUEL H. HOOKE	W. D. WOODHEAD



BOOKS

THE GENIUS OF OSLER

THE LIFE OF SIR WILLIAM OSLER, by Harvey Cushing (Oxford; 2 vols.; illustrations 23 + 21; pp. xvi, 686 + xii, 728; \$12.50).

IT is not altogether remarkable that legend should gather round the name of a celebrity, during the generation following his death. Myth takes the place of fact quite easily—often, indeed, is far better suited than fact for public edification. But in the case of Sir William Osler legend did not wait for the close of a career. It was busy with the famous teacher in his lifetime, and permeated more countries than one.

Here was a great Canadian—in all its history this country can have produced few men of his quality—domiciled in three countries successively. No less in Baltimore and in Oxford than in Montreal, he merged himself in the life around him with a boyish gusto, while impressing his stamp upon medical education and the practice of medicine indelibly. He had everywhere a host of friends, and (unlike most of the rest of us) loved no less the old familiar faces, because new ties were for ever being formed. The demands of his contemporaries gave him little rest, yet on his last visit to America, that of 1913, when invited to meet the faculty members of Yale at a reception, he replied quite frankly, 'If you don't mind, I would prefer meeting undergraduates. I see dons every day at Oxford, but not enough undergraduates from America.'

If you were fortunate enough to meet the man, you formed your own impression of him. But the less fortunate who did not do so got an impression which, if second-hand, was also vivid. For everywhere his fertilizing genius had worked there were men eager to speak of Osler. His goodness was something to be shared, not hoarded. Friends and disciples together diffused his influence, till it was very widely spread.

The *Life of Sir William Osler*, which has already reached a wide public, will replace these Osler legends; but in substituting fact for hearsay it will not diminish the stature of its subject. Not always a model of direct writing, it nevertheless avoids the pitfall that besets all biographers, and especially the biographer whose work is well worth while.

It is innocent of hero-worship and of rhapsody. The writer is a Boswell, content that, whenever possible, Sir William should speak for himself and be quoted correctly. True, the quotations are mostly from the written word—from correspondence and addresses. Few conversations are recorded. But from first to last the reader has a sense of personal contact with a man. The triumph of Dr. Harvey Cushing is his successful self-effacement.

Like Boswell's *Johnson*, the book can be read at random with ease and interest. It is a quarry rich in material at every point. But the Canadian reader will inevitably find his greatest interest in Part I, 'The Canadian Period', with its vivid picture of the pioneer life as lived in 1838 at Bond Head, the sidelights that it throws on other families, also destined to contribute largely to their country's development, and the wealth of local colour with which it is illuminated.

It is not always easy to remember that if at one end of his long career Sir William Osler was in close contact with the practice of preventive medicine and the medical activities of a militant Local Government Board, at the other end he was in equally close contact with the Oxford Movement. Not only did religion profoundly colour his mind and soul, as it has coloured those of most of the great scientists. Osler was nurtured in the fierce ecclesiastical controversies of the 'forties, which now seem so remote when recalled for us by Mr. Lytton Strachey. If 'the sunken boat in the mouth of the Humber', with its varied yield of polyzoa, played a great part in the life of the boy, so, too, did the little chapel at Weston—'we were always awestruck at the signs of broken windows, and marks of stones or hatchets on the altar'.

That boyish observation has its own significance; and the truth is, no doubt, that eighty or even seventy years ago, the little communities that lay outside Hamilton and Toronto were in real danger of relapsing into something not unlike barbarism. We are only now learning in Ontario that there is a minimum density of population, below which it is scarcely possible for the fundamental amenities of civilization to be maintained. Even in these days of rapid and easy communication, there

are many settlements so sparse that their people are degenerating. In the 'forties and the 'fifties isolation added to the difficulties of the settler. Thus it was that stone and hatchet argued (if they did not settle) spiritual controversies; but here and there the scholar—not infrequently the dominie—was an invaluable, if by no means always welcome, leaven.

Two such men—scholars and teachers—loved Osler. One of them was W. A. Johnson, the founder of Trinity College School; the other was Dr. James Bovell. By contemporary standards, it is doubtful if either of them could be described as a successful man. Yet, but for them, the teacher who gave its inspiration to the medical education of England and America might never have found his *métier*. These men introduced him to the microscope. More important, they developed in him the patience, and the habit of precise observation, without which modern science could not be. Each of them was entangled in the religious controversies of the time; each died in Holy Orders. But from the period when, together, they turned the mind of Osler towards microscopic studies, his scientific career was a continuous and logical development.

The *Life* has a bewildering number of facets. The

medical practitioner will delve in it for discussions of his own problems, and will be richly rewarded. The laboratory man and the teacher will find an even greater store of treasure. Nor is it only the teacher of medicine who will find in Sir William Osler's methods of teaching and outlook on education a fascinating interest. During the years of his most abundant energy, medicine was in its formative period. There were vested interests to be fought, it is true: but there was always the test of practice, which the reformer could apply to his own methods, within a few years of their elaboration, to vindicate or reject them. Medicine led the way, because it is the branch of study most capable of this continuous testing when in action. But the problems that Sir William Osler faced were not those of the medical teacher only. More often than not they were problems of a general character. The *Life* is an educational Odyssey.

The fact that its hero was not an esurient Greekling, cozening gods and men and women for the means of travel, but, instead, a leader with whom mankind counted for more than self, gives it an added impressiveness. When one closes the book one feels that one has parted with a friend.

G. E. J.

CARNOT'S PRINCIPLE

PHYSICO-CHEMICAL EVOLUTION, by Charles E. Guye (Methuen; pp. 172; \$2.00).

THE author of this book, who is Professor of Physical Chemistry at the University of Geneva, has presented us with a concise statement of the present position of physical knowledge, and has some interesting philosophical speculations to offer on its latest developments. He speaks of a physico-chemical *evolution* for the reason that a continuous change in one direction is implied in the Second Law of thermo-dynamics, one expression of which is that 'the quantity of energy which can be transformed into mechanical work is continuously diminishing; energy degrades itself and the universe tends towards immobility'. The more general expression, that 'the entropy of an isolated system must increase', is known as Carnot's Principle.

Now this physico-chemical evolution tends towards equilibrium, which, and this is the important point in Professor Guye's thesis, is the most *probable* state. For by his consideration of the theory of probability he shows that it is on this basis that the determinism of the physical sciences rests. For instance, when a small number of white balls are mixed with a like number of black balls the chances that they will re-congregate according to colour are small. When a white powder is mixed with a black powder such chances are so small that it may be regarded as a

'law' that a grey powder will result, although a possibility still remains that by shaking for a sufficiently long time the white and black powders may resolve separately. From this point of view there are no truly irreversible phenomena; what we call irreversible phenomena such as the mixing of the black and white powders to form a grey, or the mixing of different gases, are theoretically reversible though practically not. This is the modern view of scientific determinism, a statistical determinism rather than the absolute determinism of classical physics. The conception of absolute determinism arose from the fact that the large number of elements in the phenomena studied hides the fluctuations readily perceptible with small numbers. In other words physico-chemical laws are laws of matter in mass, but we have no more reason to believe that these laws hold for particulate matter than to believe that the study of population is the same thing as the study of the individual. The extension of our physico-chemical knowledge towards a new absolute determinism thus lies in the direction of the molecule, atom and electron. We know something of their manifestations in mass, but little or nothing of their intimate relationships, and such a knowledge of particulate matter may completely change our physico-chemical ideas. For as it is, we have given to atoms and electrons certain attributes and they behave accordingly. As Dr. Guye states, 'one never obtains

from an equation anything except what has been put into it'. It is thus permissible to believe that matter has yet to be endowed with further attributes which will not interfere with its physico-chemical behaviour, but which will provide some explanation of the vital. In other words, 'We shall only understand completely the meaning of a physico-chemical phenomenon when the relation is known which unites it to the vital and psychical phenomena which can accompany it in the living organism'.

Victorian 'materialism', although popular with many scientists, had never any real claim to be regarded as a philosophy. It simply shelved the vital problem which humanity is most interested in, and for this reason was decidedly unpopular amongst thinking people with no scientific prejudices. To meet the popular needs some biologists of to-day lay all the emphasis on the vital factor and savour their 'popular science' with a 'dash' of religion to make it more palatable. Whenever they launch on this course, however, they cease to be scientific, and although they may satisfy the multitude they usually earn an undesirable reputation amongst their more cautious scientific brethren. So we see that hitherto propounders of scientific philosophies have been to a large extent on the horns of a dilemma.

Professor Guye appears at least to have brought a new point of view to bear upon the problem. The classical physico-chemical conception of the properties of 'matter' is perhaps accurate so far as it goes, yet when life is so closely associated with matter as we find it, we might expect *a priori* that 'matter' has yet internal properties that we know not of. But there is other evidence which leads us to expect that we may yet find some relationship between the two. In the first place we must bear in mind that our fundamental conceptions of number, space, time, matter, life and thought, on which the sciences are based, are arbitrary and subject to revision. Already Einstein has shown that space and time are not separable and independent as we previously took for granted:

It is because we live in a world which is only a particular case of a more general universe that the conceptions of time and space appear to us to be independent of each other. In the world of the radioactive atom which emits electrons the velocity of which approaches that of light this would very probably not be the case.

Matter also is not unaffected by the principle of relativity. For energy and matter are only two aspects of

the one thing, so we can better understand why force and matter are always inseparable from one another.

This break-down, or it may be blending, of the arbitrary metaphysical conceptions upon which the so-called exact sciences are based points in the direction of unification of our knowledge.

Of the conception of life from a physico-chemical point of view M. Guye has little to say. So far as we know, life appears to proceed only from life itself. As a science, biology is artificially simplified, as all psychical considerations are deliberately excluded; so that biology or psychology, which is also arbitrarily simplified, can not reveal to us the mystery of life—on the argument previously used that nothing can be obtained from a science which is not contained in its postulates.

Professor Guye shows that there is no reason to suppose that the Second Law of thermodynamics, that the entropy of a system must increase, is not applicable in its absolute sense to the physico-chemical evolution of living organisms. The high efficiency of the human machine does not invalidate it, nor is there any physico-chemical process known in plants or animals which does more than delay an increase in entropy. Nevertheless, it does not explain the vital. On the other hand, if Carnot's principle be regarded as a statistical rather than an absolute principle, we can see how life *may* arise. In the author's words:

The living organism which constitutes the cell can be considered as a sort of mosaic formed by the juxtaposition of a very large number of very small homogeneous elements, and the smaller these elements, the smaller will be the number of molecules which they contain, and the greater will be the importance of fluctuations in the interior of each of them.

Physiology thus holds for us a more general physical chemistry than the usual physical chemistry in which Carnot's principle is statistically true due to the large number of molecules involved in the simplest phenomenon. It is thus conceivable that the phenomenon of life may arise as a fluctuation in a small homogeneous system where Carnot's Principle breaks down in a manner similar to the failure of Newtonian physics to explain relativity.

Professor Guye finally builds up a unicist philosophy which, if speculative, is extremely interesting and serves to substantiate what he calls 'the powerful philosophical fertility of the new statistical conception of Carnot's Principle'. G. H.

THE MAKING OF A POET

KEATS AND SHAKESPEARE, by J. Middleton Murry (Oxford; pp. ix, 248; \$4.25).

THIS is no ordinary volume of literary criticism, nor is it intended for a limited literary public of strictly professional or dilettante tastes, but rather for those who value literature above all for

its religious significance, and treasure a book most when they find in it a record of 'the great religious adventure of the human soul'. Mr. Murry is very careful to make it quite clear that that is his own attitude to literature, and in particular to show that this study of Keats has arisen out of his passionate

desire to reveal a mystery—the making of a poet. 'It is no part of the purpose of this book to appreciate Keats' poems objectively as poetry; its concern is solely to elucidate the deep and natural movement of the poet's soul which underlies them.' Or again, he explains that he has tried 'to show through the living reality of Keats, what a pure poet is, what he does. What he is is a mystery; what he does is a mystery.'

No one will be surprised at this language who has read Mr. Murry's essay on 'Literature and Religion' published a year ago in a volume of essays by various hands entitled *The Necessity of Art*. Nor will they, I think, be inclined to doubt his sincerity or mistake his purpose, whatever they may feel about the view of Keats which he presents to us here. But some will shake their heads over this young critic, who seemed to equal if not surpass all his fellows in his good taste and judgment and knowledge of modern literatures, but who now comes forward declaring frankly that literature would be meaningless and monstrous to him, an irrelevant and futile thing, except as a revelation of the man who created it. He is alike contemptuous of the common-sense critic, who laughs at all talk of inspiration, and thinks of the poet as a finer sort of craftsman, and says that great poetry is just very good verse; and of the connoisseur and aesthete who still murmurs, 'Art for Art's sake'. For he has chosen as one of the mottoes of his book, and he evidently believes it to be true in the fullest sense, 'Ethics and Aesthetics are one'; and he insists that 'poetry in its highest and purest forms is one of the few roads that remain open to the eternal reality that is less directly and less fully expressed in religion'.

He does not of course advance any really new claims on behalf of great poetry; he does not value it more highly than Shelley did or Coleridge; he would indeed say that the whole theory of poetry here put forward is none other than that held, and held passionately, by Keats himself. He is in very good company when he says that the nature of real poetry is a profound mystery, and that the poet sees and knows the truth and lays hold upon it by some faculty other than the intellect—that his knowledge is in fact something quite irrational. He adopts what used to be called the romantic attitude, but he gives a different explanation of it—and a more modern one. To put it very simply and baldly, this poetic faculty is associated with the subconscious activities of the mind, it has its roots deeply hidden in the unknown recesses of the instinctive, unreasoning being. 'Rational thinking is done in a vacuum of abstract thought, but poetical thinking is done when "man's mind is in harmony with his instinctive being."'

Most romantic critics have been inclined to content themselves with the theories of Coleridge, who, as at the same time a poet and a trained metaphysician, seemed best fitted for philosophic criticism. But Mr. Murry has nothing to say about Coleridge's 'esemplastic' power or his special theory of the Imagination. He prefers rather to go to the youthful and unphilosophic Keats, and work upon those amazing hints and guesses and searchings into his own experience which form so important a part of his letters. And he builds up a theory of poetry upon some of these daring sayings which have been often regarded condescendingly as the 'groping of an untrained mind into the mysteries of metaphysics'.

But is it not very dangerous to go to a poet for a theory of poetry? Is he not often the very last person to give a satisfactory account of his work? Is it not possible that a fine lyrical poet may be a poor critic, and a man of weak judgment? Mr. Murry simply refuses to believe this; it seems to him an absurdity to suggest that a poet who at the age of 23 was writing day after day poems like the great Odes 'comparable to nothing in English literature save the work of Shakespeare's maturity' could be mistaken when writing about the very central facts of his experience, as for example in his letter on 'soul-making'. If great poetry is 'the utterance of that to which the human soul responds, of that which the human soul endorses' it can only be written by one who is indeed the most genuine type of humanity, who has advanced further than all others in the full understanding of life. A great poet must be a great man; for in him we see the fullest possibilities of the development of the human soul. 'The history of the souls of the great poets is the most essential history of the human soul itself.'

Here is the clue to his passionate interest in the development of Keats' poetic life from 1816-1820. For Keats was an almost perfect example of the purest poetic temperament, without any intermixture. He was not only born a poet, but fed and nurtured entirely on poetry—a true child of the English poetic tradition. This has of course always been a commonplace of criticism; this made Keats the darling of the Pre-Raphaelites, who saw in him their ideal of the poetic character, dwelling in an atmosphere of romance and sentiment—untainted by the world. Keats' reputation has suffered more by their patronage than by the rough tongues of Carlyle and Jeffrey. They are mainly responsible for the idea of a Keats who was a poetical young man—sickly, effeminate, and mawkish. And later and more generous critics have continued to apologize for Keats because he was too much of a poet. His glorying in a life of

sensations rather than thoughts seemed in the 19th century to be a confession of a fundamental weakness of character. Even Matthew Arnold, though responsible for the great phrase 'he is with Shakespeare', which is the keynote of this book, comes to almost exactly the opposite conclusions to those of Mr. Murry on some of the most important passages in both the poetry and the life of Keats. They are both conscious of two forces struggling for the mastery in Keats' soul and in his poetry. Mr. Murry sees them embodied in the persons of Milton and Shakespeare, and proves very convincingly that they so appeared to Keats himself, and he tells the story of the conflict most dramatically. Twice Keats turns aside from his noble and natural speech and his full, warm, rich acceptance of life and tries to write Miltonics, and is at the same time affected with a coldness (as e.g. when he writes the flintworded letter to Fanny Brawne) which Matthew Arnold notes as 'a sign of character passing into intellectual production'. And he concludes that Keats' master passion—the yearning passion for the Beautiful—is not a passion of the sensuous poet, but an intellectual and spiritual passion. Whereas in Mr. Murry's view these Miltonic periods are periods of coldness as of the death of the soul, out of which it is born anew into that mood of full and complete acceptance of everything—of sickness and love and death, and a triumphant and complete surrender to life as it is, which invests Keats' best work with a maturity like the maturity of Shakespeare.

... Keats' rejection of Milton was an integral part of a movement of Keats' whole being; ... Milton's poetry is a magnificent thing, but in the final judgment it is a life-

less and sterile thing. Keats' words when he rejected Milton were: 'Life to him would be death to me.' Was it not almost death to Milton himself? Compare *Samson Agonistes* with *The Tempest*. The difference between them is between a dead art and a living one; between a poetry of which the inward springs are petrified and pure poetry that remains obedient to the fulness within.

The poetry of Shakespeare reveals the beauty of life in life. Truth is beauty, it says, and shows that truth is beauty. It accepts the world of men and women, accepts all things, accepts them in many moods, from loathing and disgust to exaltation and serenity, but always and for ever it makes the fundamental act of acceptance, ... which is to submit to experience and not to turn away.

At the outset of his poetical career Keats had felt that Shakespeare was his good genius, presiding over him, and at the end it was to Shakespeare that he returned. Keats' poetry and Keats' soul were alike Shakespearean; Keats has approached nearer than any other to Shakespeare, both as a man and as a poet—that is the argument of this book. Indeed, the book is intended ultimately to be a sort of prolegomena to the study of Shakespeare, 'to bridge the gap between the normal consciousness and the pure, unmediated poetic consciousness of Shakespeare'.

It is a great book; and even those who cannot accept its main thesis, or adopt this attitude towards poetry and religion will nevertheless find in it much valuable objective criticism, and admirable exposition and commentary. It is not often that a book of literary criticism is born of a mood of such intensity, and animated with a spirit of such genuine and passionate sincerity. Amid the cries of so many literary tradesmen hawking their different wares and wearying us with the din of their conflict, it is a relief to hear such a voice as this declaring to us the mystery of great poetry.

H. J. DAVIS.

ART, INDOORS AND OUT

THE WAY TO SKETCH, by Vernon Blake (Oxford; pp. 111; 9 plates, and other illustrations; \$2.25); THE DANCE, AN HISTORICAL SURVEY OF DANCING IN EUROPE, by Cecil J. Sharp and A. P. Oppé (Truscott & Smith; pp. xv, 54; 75 plates in colour and monochrome, and other illustrations; 30/-); MODERN MASTERS OF ETCHING, No. 5, SIR FRANK SHORT, R.A., P.R.E., with an introduction by Malcolm C. Salaman (*The Studio*; pp. 9; 12 plates; 5/-); VENICE, PAST AND PRESENT, text by Selwyn Brinton (*The Studio*, special number; pp. ix, 184; 8 coloured plates, and 134 illustrations; paper 7/6, cloth 10/6).

SOME of these days an Izaak Walton of art will write 'The Compleat Sketcher'. It will be a poetical work, full of the breath of the four seasons. It will have long grave dialogue and skittish anecdote, natural history, geology, adventure, philosophy, for all these lie in the way of the gentle art of sketching. The sketcher is a man of greater peace even than old Izaak. He purposes the death of no living creature. He goes forth to look at sky and mountain and tree, and sitting quietly in wood or field he sees intimately the life of animal and bird. He needs no sport to amuse him outdoors. He has the one great sport, and in pursuit of it he can enjoy swimming or paddling or

tramping or climbing with always the rare quietude of the sketch thrown in for full measure.

The Way to Sketch is not such a book as our Walton will write. It is well described by its subtitle, 'Notes on the essentials of landscape sketching, particular reference being made to the use of water colour'. It deals more with the technique than with the adventure of sketching. It directs rather than inspires—and sometimes with pompous pedantry—towards the way to sketch rather than in the way. But it has a good ideal. Its teaching may be suggested in a quotation: 'The whole education of an artist consists in learning to see his subject integrally, to estimate the

order and value of each detail, and to subordinate with delicate accuracy its importance to that of the whole.' It is not a book for the average young beginner, but rather for the attentive adult with some experience of the difficulties of sketching. The plates are good and instructively analyzed, but most of the pen-drawn headings and tail-pieces and diagrams are poor, with no decorative and little illustrative value. One regrets to see the teaching of the book weakened by the drawings of its author.

What can a poor 'wall-flower' do with such a book as *The Dance*? Turning the fine pages of this historical survey of dancing in Europe, he finds himself in a whirl of Ballets and Barn Dances, Green Sleeves, Capriolas, Morrises, Mazurkas, Longways, Jigs, and Reels, Waltzes, Tangos, and Tumblers. He sees 'The Shaking of the Sheets' and 'Cuckolds all Awry', Corantos, Sarabands, Galliards, La Voltas. Getting his breath and watching the gaiety like Tam o' Shanter through his window, the reviewer finds the author beside him quietly explaining some of the 'louns and spangs' so absorbing to Tam. Beginning with the Folk Dance, one is shown something of the evolution of our dancing down to the Jazz and Russian Ballet.

Lack of early documents makes this a difficult historical problem; but after the sixteenth century, pictures and documents begin to accumulate and the author is able to explain his theme by quotations from many writers. 'After that', says Pepys in 1662, 'the King led a lady in single Coranto, and then the rest of the lords one after another other ladies, very noble it was, and a great pleasure to see.'

The illustrations of the book make it valuable for theatrical and costume reference. Pompeian wall paintings, Rowlandson water colours, Renaissance frescos, Greek red-figure cups, old illuminated manuscripts, oil paintings of the Flemish school, Hogarth, French lithographs, caricatures, and modern paintings by Degas, Laura Knight, and Nevinson—these and many more come into the record.

The volume on Sir Frank Short makes it needless to praise the quality of the reproductions in this series. They have made a standard for this kind of thing. The subject is one of the oldest living etchers in England, a master of technique in all etching processes and President of the Royal Society of Painter Etchers. He takes a place beside any of the old masters of mezzotint engraving, as he revived and experimented with that method until he completely renewed it. The introduction of the book terms him 'the most versatile engraver of our time'. The examples given show his work in etching, dry-point, soft-ground, and aquatint. The delicate atmosphere of the aquatint *Morning Haze in Chichester Harbour*, and the vigorous wind and weather of the dry-point *A Wintry Blast*, are fine contrasting pieces. Creatively, Sir Frank Short takes a middle place in the *Studio Masters*. He does not in-

tensify the idea of his subject with imagination. He composes tastefully but without fire, calmly reflecting what is in front of him in perfect accord with his technical process. He is controlled by commonsense. His wind-mills are always those of Sancho rather than of Don Quixote, and there is much poetry in his titles—'Sleeping till the Flood', 'The West's Goodnight to the East', 'When the Weary Moon was in the Wane', etc., etc. But Mr. Salaman finds an extraordinary poetry in the work as well. Speaking of 'Low Tide, the Evening Star, and Rye's Long Pier Deserted', he says, 'it made the year 1888 particularly memorable in the history of etching for it gave a new classic to the art. . . . My admiration of it is so constant that it would seem foolish to search for fresh phrases to express it'. Who can resist an enthusiastic Englishman? And this is only one of the twelve plates by Sir Frank Short.

His work does not appear at all in *Venice, Past and Present*, the largest section of which is entirely given to pictures under the heading 'The Inspiration of Venice to Art'. The historical introduction traces the facts of Venetian history, her maritime position and development, her religion and government, her official pageantry and splendour. 'The most triumphant city that I have seen', writes De Comines to his Prince, 'and which doeth most honor to ambassadors and strangers, and where God's service is most solemnly done.' From the fifth century to the present day runs the survey of this rare 'hamlet of fishing folk planted on the mud, without land, water, stone or wood, yet who conquered the cities of the Gulf', and afterwards 'created industries, an architecture, painting and manners of her own'.

The inspiration of the city to art is shown in 135 reproductions of works by artists of many countries and periods, from a German coloured woodcut of 1493 to paintings, drawings, and etchings by Guardi, Turner, Ruskin, Sargent, Cameron, and many others. The book ends with a short chapter on 'The Inspiration of Venice to Literature'. Goethe, Byron, Shelley, Ruskin, Symonds are some of the golden names here. Campanile, dome, and lagoon stand in a light

As if the earth and sea had been
Dissolved into one lake of fire.

Questions rise within us as we consider this Venice, this dream city at anchor. How can we develop our own city, our own Toronto or whatever it may be? Did not someone say that Toronto Island reminded him of Venice, because it was so different? Yet it might be given an equal beauty. The sun shines no brighter in Venice than here, and nothing can surpass the sparkle of blue Ontario. We may have a chance. We are yet in our earliest infancy beside Venice with her 1,500 years of effort. We have plenty of time if we can get the spirit and the ideal. Here is a book helping us to both.

J. MacD.

FOLK SONGS OF FRENCH CANADA

FOLK SONGS OF FRENCH CANADA, by Marius Barbeau and Edward Sapir (Yale University Press; pp. xii, 216; \$4.50).

HEALTHY artistic life in a nation must root itself in popular tradition. So at least the folk-lore enthusiasts tell us, and they make out a very good case in favour of their contention. If it be true, then we in Canada are faced with a serious problem. In a civilization developed under modern conditions, with swift means of transport, abundant entertainments for all, popular magazines, movies, picture post-cards, gramophones and the like, carrying commercialized art far and wide, nothing in the nature of a folk-lore is likely to develop. There are those who assert that jazz and journalism take its place, and that artists and men of letters will, in years to come, take their cue therefrom. But while admitting the influence of jazz and journalism on our mental outlook, and while recognizing echoes of them in the works of men of genius, nevertheless it cannot be said that great art was ever born of either a spirit of cleverness or of a spirit of commercialism. Jazz and creatures of its type are fashions of a year or two; a folk-song belongs to the centuries. But not many even among the intelligentsia spend as much time as they might in taking stock of our national traditions.

For we have traditions. Every newcomer into Canada brings with him a share of the folk-lore of his nation, and in spite of all distracting features of his life here, he does not easily forget it. Not long ago I had occasion to share in the compilation of a Hymn Book for Ukrainians in Canada, and very interesting many of the tunes were: native tunes, almost all of them, and for the most part of secular origin. Ukrainian choirs singing their folk-music here have opened the eyes of many a choral enthusiast. As for the songs of the British Isles, they have in many cases become part of ourselves, and will outlast a thousand 'Limehouse Blues', and what-not. Who knows what the thousands who arrive yearly from Central Europe and elsewhere would have to give us, if we would but listen? We have been too much concerned with teaching the new arrivals our own ways, and too little in discovering what contributions they are capable of making to our national life. Their songs and tales will, of course, never mean to Canada what they have meant to the countries which gave them birth. Born of conditions which never have existed and never will exist here, they arouse our sympathies only, so to speak, at second hand. But to neglect them altogether—to try to do all the teaching and none of the learning—such a course will defeat its own purpose, for he who would teach must

endeavour to learn what he can of the inner workings of the minds of his pupils.

If we have been negligent in the case of our immigrants, what can we say of the people in whose eyes we are mere usurpers? Some there are among us who study the North American Indian and his ways, and we know that his folk-lore is a rich one and rooted deep in the soil. But is there any widespread interest in what he has to tell us? Perhaps his thoughts and ways are too far removed from ours to expect him to influence us profoundly. We have dramas of Indian life, some successful enough, others too much like mere 'movie' plots associated with dialogue about fire, water, air and the other elements. A deeper interest in the real Indian—in his ways of thinking and feeling, rather than in his outward circumstances—would no doubt bring revelations.

In the *habitant* of French Canada, however, we shall find a richer mine and a viewpoint to which ours is infinitely more nearly akin. His traditions have been associated with our land longer than those of any other European people, and have exercised a profound influence on almost every phase of our national life. No one guards his traditions more jealously. His songs are not, indeed, native to America except in a few instances, but in the three centuries during which they have lived and flourished here, they have played an important part in his life. Here, if anywhere in Canada, we shall find a treasure which we may enjoy and use. Of the native art which the *habitant* brought to this country, Anatole France writes as follows:

Avouons-le humblement: le peuple, le vieux peuple des campagnes est l'artisan de notre langue et notre maître en poésie. Il ne cherche point la rime riche et se contente de la simple assonance; son vers, qui n'est point fait pour les yeux, est plein d'élisions contraires à la grammaire; mais il faut considérer que si la grammaire, comme on dit —et ce dont je doute—est l'art de parler, elle n'est pas assurément l'art de chanter. D'ailleurs, le vers de la chanson populaire est juste pour l'oreille; il est limpide et claire, d'une brièveté que l'art savant recherche sans pouvoir la retrouver; l'image en jaillit soudaine et pure: enfin, il a de l'alouette, qu'il célèbre si volontiers, le vol léger et le chant matinal.¹

What he says of the poetry is to a great extent true also of the music, though it cannot be said that the French are supreme in this respect. In French folk-tunes we do not find the wealth of melody and sheer musical invention which distinguish the Celtic tunes, and especially the Irish, but in their place we find a rhythmical vitality combined with a wealth of expression which give it a

¹ *La Vie Littéraire*, vol. III., p. 93.

very high place indeed. The music is full of sunshine, and rarely leaves the listener in an unhappy frame of mind, even when the subject is a solemn one.

Until quite recently our only important collection of songs of French Canada was that of Ernest Gagnon, which first appeared in 1865.² Many were under the impression that Gagnon had worked what was workable of the mine, in spite of the opening words of his preface: '*Le nombre de nos chansons populaires est incalculable. Ce volume contient juste cent, que j'ai choisies parmi les plus connues et parmi celles qui offrent un type particulier.*' Of late years, more thorough investigations have been made under the auspices of the Canadian National Museum; the gramophone has been requisitioned, and as a result more than five thousand song records, all from oral sources, have been classified and filed in that institution. The moving spirit in this work has been M. Marius Barbeau, whose investigations into the subject of Huron folk-lore led him to the conviction that European elements were present, and that a knowledge of European traditions was necessary in order to isolate them. Some of the results of Mr. Barbeau's investigations have been published in the *Journal of American Folk-lore*, and now we have a volume which (it is to be hoped) will reach a much wider public. Of the forty-one songs now published under the editorship of M. Barbeau and Mr. Sapir, only two or three are found in the Gagnon collection, and the new versions of these differ in many details from those with which we have been familiar. Those interested in the ways of folk-singers may be advised to compare the well known *En roulant ma Boule* as sung by Edouard Hovington of Tadoussac (the version contained in the present volume) with the song as recorded by Gagnon. Scarcely any two folk-singers will give the same version of any tune: nay, the same singer will introduce many variations into his own version from time to time as the spirit moves him. Mr. Barbeau has clearly taken the greatest pains to record the tunes with the utmost exactitude; the frequent embellishments and syncopations are of the type familiar to those accustomed to the eccentricities of folk-singers, and they are often extremely difficult to reproduce. Not many among even well-equipped singers would find it an easy matter to sing, for instance, the 'Ballad of the Wicked Knight' (*Le Méchant Guillon*, p. 25) in the version given, without making it sound strained and unnatural. Still more difficult rhythmically is the 'Tragic Home-Coming' (*Le Retour Funeste*, p. 48).

² *Chansons Populaires du Canada, recueillies et publiées avec annotations, etc., par Ernest Gagnon* (Sixième Edition, 1918, Librairie Beauchemin, 79, rue Saint-Jacques, Montreal).

On the other hand, there are many charming, straightforward tunes, such as *Je ne suis pas si vilaine* (p. 109), *La Bergère à Confesse* (p. 144), and *Blanche comme la Neige* (p. 42), and others, which offer no difficulties to the singer. The prevalence of compound rhythms (6/8, 9/8, &c.) is characteristic of all French folk-songs; many of the irregular cross-rhythms (such as, for example, those in *La Princesse et le Bourreau*) are probably due largely to the eccentricities of singers.

Among the most beautiful tunes are *Le Miracle du Nouveauné* (p. 93); the Dorian³ *La Brune et le Brigand* (which appears in the Gagnon collection in a somewhat varied form), and the Mixolydian³ *Notre Seigneur en pauvre* (p. 73). The version here given of the last mentioned is surprisingly different from that quoted by M. Barbeau in the *Journal of American Folk-lore*, No. 123, in which the melody is pure Dorian, and almost entirely in 9/8, instead of 6/8 time. Can it be that the key-signature in one case or the other is incorrect? The rhythmical differences are not unusual; but the change of mode gives an altogether different character to the melody.

The range of subjects is wide, and as representative as possible. A goodly proportion are ballads, sometimes of a satirical nature; the stories themselves are often so old that their origin is lost in antiquity. There are dance tunes, such as *La petite Souris grise* (p. 154), which would appeal to children; religious songs, such as the very beautiful *Passion de Jésus-Christ* (p. 68) and the legend *Notre Seigneur en Pauvre*; didactic songs, such as *Le Blasphémateur Châtié* (p. 97), and the satiric *Corps de Métiers* (p. 177) in which the devil runs off with dishonest and incompetent tradesmen. There are amusing dialogues, such as *Le Pénitent et l'Ivrogne* (p. 57) in which both parties make good points, but the drunkard on the whole has the best of it. There is abundant humour in *La Grande et la Petite* (p. 152) and *La Bergère à Confesse*. The latter recalls to my mind a jingle of my early childhood beginning 'Father, O Father, I come to confess', which must have had a similar origin. In fact, in going through these songs, one is constantly reminded of forgotten trifles of long ago. Drinking songs and love songs are as frequent as in most collections of this nature: the charming *Cette aimable Tourterelle* (p. 196) has a delightful Dorian tune. Two opposite points of view of marriage are presented in *Je n'veux pas me marier* (p. 205) and *Mariez-moi, ma petite Ma-*

³For the benefit of those unacquainted with the ancient modes, it may be said that the Dorian mode corresponds to our minor scale with a sharp sixth and flat seventh; the Mixolydian, to our major scale with a flattened seventh. (By playing the white notes on the piano from D to D and from G to G, respectively, the reader will readily discover the nature of these scales.)



HABITANT INTERIOR
PEN DRAWING
BY ARTHUR LISMER, A.R.C.A.

man (p. 209); in the first, the lady's views are summarized in the verse:

'La première anné se passe; la second', comm'ci, comm'ça;

La troisième, on se dispute; la quatrième, on se bat.'

—while the youthful maiden of the second is all impatience:

*"Voilà déjà que j'ai passé quinze ans;
Je crois que c'est l'bon âge."*

The annotations to each song are voluminous and illuminating, so far as the words are concerned. Frequent comparisons are made with various European versions, and peculiarities of versification are dealt with as exhaustively as space will allow. Less is said about the tunes; one would imagine that a study of these, as compared with European variants, would bring to light many interesting facts. The co-operation with the Editors, in future editions, of some enthusiast who would approach the matter more directly from the musical point of view would add considerably to the value of the book.

The translations by Mr. Edward Sapir reproduce with a fair measure of success the meaning of the original, but it can scarcely be claimed that they make very good reading in themselves. Perhaps only those who have tried it can realize the exceptional difficulty of providing a good translation for a folk-song. The very simplicity of language is

one of the greatest stumbling blocks; to find equivalents in another tongue which will fit in with a different type of versification without sacrificing some of the naïveté of the original is wellnigh impossible. In the present instance, a more or less literal reproduction of the French text is no doubt the primary need; in an edition designed for practical use by singers, the spirit rather than the letter of the original would no doubt be followed.

An alphabetical index of both French and English titles is badly needed. In the Table of Contents, the songs are given only in English, and in the order in which they are printed. It is on this account that we have given the page of each song referred to. Future editions should certainly repair this omission.

The best claim to recognition of the French folk-songs of America (says the Introduction) rests in their comparative antiquity; for they have largely remained unchanged since the days of Henri IV. and Louis XIII., three or four centuries ago. Sheltered in woodland recesses, far from the political commotions of the Old World, they have preserved much of their sparkling, archaic flavour. And, in the years to come, they cannot fail to contribute materially to the history of the folk-songs of France and of the rest of Europe.

They may, as I have already suggested, do more than this. Who knows but that some man of genius may appear, to give these songs a due place in his scheme of things, and that as a result our heritage from the past may be embodied, to some extent, in the living language of the future?

E. MACM.

MEMOIRS AND CRITICISM

HORACE WALPOLE, AETAT. 71

REMINISCENCES WRITTEN BY MR. HORACE WALPOLE IN 1788, with Notes and Index by Paget Toynbee (Clarendon; pp. 155; 2 gn.).

HORACE WALPOLE'S *Reminiscences*, long difficult of access and extant only in incomplete editions, now appear for the first time in full as written. They are edited with scrupulous care by Dr. Paget Toynbee from Walpole's autograph manuscripts in the Pierpont Morgan collection, and are issued in a volume of distinguished elegance modelled on the quartos of the Strawberry Hill Press. To the *Reminiscences* are added Walpole's Notes of his conversations with Lady Suffolk, which have never before been printed.

These recollections, in which, as Walpole wrote, he 'coined an old gentleman into narrative' for the amusement of the 'lovely Berrys', present an intimate chronicle of the courts of the first two Georges. They begin in 1727, when Horace Walpole, then a child of ten years, was taken by his mother 'to the apartment of the Countess of Walsingham on the ground-floor towards the garden at

St. James's' in order that he might see the King. The narrative that follows presents a varied group—Kings and Electors, royal mistresses somewhat more important than royal wives; Sir Robert Walpole 'governing George 1st in Latin, the King not speaking English, and his Minister no German'; old Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, 'ever proud and malignant', Lord Chesterfield winning so large a sum of money one Twelfth Night at court 'that he thought it imprudent to carry it home in the dark, and deposited it with the Mistress'; John, Lord Hervey, 'the Handsome Harvey' who married the beautiful Molly Lepell; Mrs. Selwyn, mother of the famous wit 'and herself of much vivacity and pretty'; and the Maid of Honour, Miss Bellenden, 'above all for universal admiration'.

The narrative does not march straight-forwardly; it is rather the easy, polished, entertaining talk of a man grown old in the ways of the fashionable world of the eighteenth century; 'scarce worthy of the title even of anecdotes', as Walpole himself wrote to the Miss Berrys, just 'the old stories I told you one evening lately of what I recollected to have

seen and heard from my childhood, of the courts of King George the first, and of his son, the Prince of Wales (afterwards George 2nd)'.

The old stories, after filling those Sunday evenings at Strawberry Hill in the summer of 1788, were set down by Walpole's own hand and completed by the end of October. As winter approached he removed to his house in London, according to his custom, and there, from the middle of December to early in February, he was confined to his room 'by the worst cold and cough I ever had'. Some time during this period he must have revised and copied his first draft of the *Reminiscences*, for the second draft (the one used in the present edition) is dated 'Finis. Jan. 13th, 1789'. From the Letters one can round out the picture—the old man wrapped in a dressing gown, urbane, faintly smiling as visitors came to see him; 'but they all come past two o'clock, and sweep one another away before any can take root. My evenings are solitary enough, for I ask nobody to come; nor, indeed, does anybody's evening begin till I am going to bed. I have outlived daylight, as well as my contemporaries. What have I not survived?' At least he had not survived his own memory; and during the days when he wrote and copied his *Reminiscences*, or in those solitary evenings of convalescence, there must have been many unrecorded hours when—to quote again from his Letters—'I can sit and amuse myself with my own memory, and yet find new stores at every audience that I give it.' E. H. B.

SHAW

TABLE TALK OF G. B. S., edited by Archibald Henderson (Harpers; \$2.25).

SHAW, by J. S. Collis (Jonathan Cape; pp. 192; \$1.50).

WE have had books on Bernard Shaw at the rate of one per annum ever since he was discovered by Mr. H. L. Mencken; this year we have two at hand and more announced. Mr. Shaw appears to bite people like the tarantula, whereupon they whirl round about, exclaiming and shrieking, until they have given themselves quite away, and added nothing or little to the known facts. Shaw is too close to us, too big a figure, and too complex in detail for any adequate reproduction of his thought to be possible at present. Once Mr. Holbrook Jackson gave us a vivid glimpse of the main outlines of Bernard Shaw; again G. K. Chesterton caught a glimpse of gleaming metal under the Jaeger woollens, seized on it, claimed it gleefully as his own; but since then the complexity of the subject has increased, the outlines have multiplied, the metal gleams through other worn spots in the Jaegers, and in richer tones; the man lives yet, more abundantly, more intensely than ever, and the task once lightly shouldered by the Impres-

sionist critics has become the field of the academic monograph.

Archibald Henderson has been doomed ever since Shaw set eyes on him and turned over the archives of Methuselim to the professor of relativity. He has been pumped full of the social phenomenon G. B. S.; he has been blinded by the radiance of the Fabian armour; he has been incapacitated for effective belief by the absorption of the credulity necessary to establish the legend *super hanc petram*. Henderson, the official biographer, presents a mine of reliable data for the student; but he is scarcely an adequate exponent of Shavian philosophy.

Hence this smaller book has certain virtues, and certain clearly definable faults. It presents a concise statement of Shavian opinions as at the date of compilation; it gives a clear view of the limits and intensity of Shaw's interest in the modern world; it is not without its share of Shavian brilliance and pungency; above all it shows just how much difference there may be between a philosophical dramatist and a professor of mathematics. But Mr. Henderson has asked all the questions; Shaw's occasional ideas are not worked out; never does the book get down to fundamentals for longer than half a (Shavian) paragraph. There are a dozen loose threads to be followed up. One hopes that somebody with real insight will take up the task and not let Mr. Shaw escape until he has lent a little illumination to a few more of our problems.

The trouble with Mr. Henderson is that he does not much believe in his prophet; he can't treat him with sufficient seriousness. The opposing fault is as disastrous, and from it, in general, Mr. Collis suffers. Mr. Collis is a pre-war Shavian, quite justifiably in reaction against the post-war Shavians. He believes in Shaw so firmly that he can't believe in his adverse criticisms, and so contradicts himself rather freely. J. S. Collis is an Irish Londoner, converted by Keegan at the tender age of sixteen, eager to lend an Irish voice to the chorus of comprehension now arising around his fellow-exile. Shaw for him is fundamentally the mystic creator of Lilith, Mrs. George, Caesar, Major Barbara, and Undershaft; then he is the poet of Nature, the narrator, the descriptive artist, the stylist (with faults). He is at pains to explain how the heart-break in *Heartbreak House* is primarily Mr. Shaw's private affair; how the Shavian philosophy is unintelligible only because it is an objective natural history in a world of dogmatic rationalism; how G. B. S. the wit is constantly reappearing to confute popular fundamentalism and destroys the efficiency of Bernard Shaw the oracle. He brings out these points with considerable lucidity, some boldness and a certain amount of error. He is enthusiastic over the Shavian technique, both in prose and in play-writing; he develops the

Shavian hypothesis—a view of personalities differing in intensity like the monads of Leibniz, and a view of conscience that appears to be a rationalized intuition à la Bergson—further than they have been worked out before. Altogether he is a step towards what in the nature of things must be the final view of one of the greatest, if not the greatest, of the writers of our day. Mr. Shaw was essentially right about the War, he was right about the Peace, he has been justified in his views of Capitalism, Shakespeare, Music, the Theatre and the Church; there are a very few things in which the sanity of Shaw is yet to be demonstrated. In the meantime it is well if Messrs. Henderson, Collis, *et al.*, help the essay-writing younger generation to the texts that have inspired their seniors.

N. P. H. B.

THE FATHER OF THAIS

ANATOLE FRANCE HIMSELF; A BOSWELLIAN RECORD, by his secretary, Jean Jacques Brousson (Nelson; pp. 300; \$3.50).

THIS is a book for those to whom the last moments of life will be as the last drops of an exquisite liqueur, for those to whom the savour of living rather than the substance is paramount, for the Epicureans of all ages and most assuredly not for the Puritans of any. For Anatole France Himself is the most debonair, nonchalant, and delightfully wicked of all litterateurs whose conversations have been recorded. With infinite charm and irony, with a wit so pointed and a frankness so undiluted that the Elizabethans may well look to their honours; he muses on umbrellas, Buddha, Chateaubriand and the Saints, on almond-icing, the Virgin, kisses, skull-caps and the Academy, on St. Paul and de Maupassant's trousers. A comment, a gesture, a passer-by, the book-boxes on the Embankment, the curio-shops on the Rivoli, anything will serve as a text,

or pretext to open the tap. And the first gush of the most limpid of our writers, one might almost say, is clouded and muddy. Little by little the flow clears itself, and becomes a stream, with brilliant eddies, of golden spangles, quotations, reminiscences, epigrams and anecdotes. Conversation? It is a series of soliloquies. The monologue has but one moment of respite. M. Bergeret is brushing his teeth.

On one occasion he lays bare the secret of the delicate perfection and crystal clearness of his style—that effect of 'white light' which is his peculiar possession.

No doubt you imagined that an angel whispered whole pages and chapters to me at a single breath. I have rarely felt the gust of inspiration. My pen has no lyric powers. It does not leap but goes plodding along its way. Nor have I ever felt the intoxication of work. I write with difficulty.

Every draft is sent to the printer and returned for correction six or seven times. The Master rephrases, weeds out the 'whos' and 'whichs', shortens sentences, eliminates repetition, contrasts

epithets. 'Don't write "Magnificent and pious prelates went in procession to seek the Holy Phial" but "Obese and pious prelates went in procession".' And then the scissors cut and slash sentences and clip out single words.

The father of Thais takes each sentence, one by one, as if he were playing a game of patience, mates it with another taken at random, divorces it again and looks for a different union. Thirty times he rebuilds his paragraph. At last he cries 'Victory! The last sentences are now the first.'

His erudition is enormous, but he bears it as lightly as a gossamer cloak and in the end casts it at the feet of Venus.

Now I know the vanity of all human learning. What useless reading, what crushing knowledge for a life so brief and passed in the midst of dunces. Why take all this tiresome luggage for so short a journey. For myself, I parody the formula of Descartes and say 'I love, therefore I am. I love no more, therefore I cease to exist'.

V. P.

TRAVEL

DISCURSIONS ON TRAVEL, ART AND LIFE, by Osbert Sitwell (Grand Richards; pp. 310; illustrations 21; 15/-).

M. R. SITWELL says of books of travel that it is not enough to describe the things seen, 'for one of the chief virtues of travel is that it enables the mind to voyage more easily, even, than the body, to move backward and forward through time as well as in space'. And in these discursions, inspired by a holiday largely spent in the secluded heel of Italy, he carries us backward and forward, very pleasantly and entertainingly, from the Naples of King Bomba to the Fiume of Gabriele d'Annunzio, from the mellow, golden towns of old Calabria to the nervous, ephemeral city of Acireale, shivering on the slope of Etna, where 'relics of former civilization have either been shaken down, or lie under their coats of lava, one above the other in layers, petrified but patient, waiting for their living sister to join them, and a new one to be born in her stead'. When the whim takes him he does not hesitate to leave the orange groves of Sicily to discourse on Georgian poetry: he permits himself to be led away from the discussion of modern Italian architecture to meditate on the influence which Brighton Pavilion has exercised over the English, and to linger with pleasure over the picture of the First Gentleman in Europe whose flamboyant taste was responsible for it: 'There he would sit beneath a Chinese or Arabian dome, shaped like a canteloupe, refusing to see his ministers, ringing for that perpetual glass of cherry brandy, or occasionally giving orders for the arrest and detention, under the Aliens' Act which he had himself designed, of those horrid foreign creditors. Two millions they wanted!'

But although Mr. Sitwell is as engagingly discursive as he warned us to expect, it is to be noted that he is prone to move backward rather than for-

ward, and backward to a particular period—the eighteenth century. The nineteenth, as represented by its poets, its painters, and most of all its architects, leaves him cold, and when he considers the twentieth it is with a sardonic shrug which we feel conceals a shudder. We would prefer to have him as a travelling companion in Italy or South Germany rather than in North America, for although we might understand the repugnance with which he would regard our architecture, as represented by banks, grain elevators, and hotels, we suspect that he would not be able to share our feeling for the few things we have which are good, and promise better, but whose Futurist quality no true lover of eighteenth-century suavities could be expected to admire.

The truly British phlegm which Mr. Sitwell exhibits when confronted with anything that dates back of the seventeenth century is perhaps explained by an illuminating sentence in his passing reference to Paestum: 'Paestum is—or was once—Greek. In its present condition its interest is purely historical. It is no more related to its former beauty than would be the skeleton of Helen of Troy to hers.' Mr. Sitwell is at his best in the congenial environment of Lecce or Catania, where continuous life has kept warm the atmosphere it has created, and where the architecture that enshrines it is of the gay and intimate quality of the Rococo and the Baroque. For such surroundings he has a genuine appreciation, and, being a poet, can communicate his pleasure to his readers in a degree quite beyond the powers of most travellers who write books.

ALONG THE ROAD, by Aldous Huxley (Macmillan; pp. 259; \$2.00).

THIS book of essays of or about travel is in four sections, entitled 'Travel in General', 'Places', 'Works of Art', and 'By the Way'. The first section instructs the traveller how to be comfortable and how to amuse himself—subjects which Mr. Huxley perfectly understands. The writer always reserves his upper left-hand waistcoat pocket for a sexto-decimo reprint of La Rochefoucauld's *Maximes*, and he is never without a plentiful supply of spectacles, for 'inanimate matter, as it is called, is no fool, and when a pair of spectacles realizes that you carry two or three other pairs in your pockets and suitcases . . .'. As to the means of locomotion, the writer does not envy those Teutonic pilgrims whose sole reliance is their *wanderstap*. He quotes:

The saints of old went up to heaven
With sorrow, toll and pain.
Lord, unto us may strength be given
To follow in the train.

Or better, in the motor. His own is a ten-horse-power Citroen, for 'it costs little, behaves well, and its habits are as regular as those of Immanuel Kant'.

From the section on 'Places' a quotation is irresistible:

The sky is pale above this strip of fantastically carved and scalloped earth. A pale sky from which it must sometimes rain Chinese white. For there is an ashen pallor over the rocks, and the green of the grass and the trees is tinged with white till it has taken on the colour of the 'Emerald Green' of children's paint-boxes. Brimming and shining river, pale crags, and trees richly dark.

'Works of Art' is the weak spot in the book. It tediously labours the ideas that tastes change with the centuries and that the individual artist must work out his own means of expression while its particular appreciations challenge unfavourable comparisons. Many delightful things, however, are found in 'By the Way'. Those readers, and they are not few, who prefer Mr. Huxley's essays to his novels, will be confirmed in their taste by this vivacious book.

POETRY

THE SEA-WALL AND OTHER VERSE, by Lyon Sharman (Macmillan in Canada; pp. 71; \$1.50).

A POETRY RECITAL, by James Stephens (Macmillan; pp. 35; 3/6).

VOICES OF THE STONES, by A. E. (Macmillan; pp. 61; \$1.10).

THOUGH these three slim volumes are lumped together under the heading 'Poetry', they have very little in common. *The Sea-Wall* is the first volume of a Toronto writer some of whose shorter pieces reprinted in it have already appeared in one or other of *The Canadian Forum*, *Poetry*, and *The Canadian Student*. The bulk of the book is taken up with a score of connected lyrics that tell a Chinese legend of warfare between a water-dragon and a virtuous prince who tried by means of a great sea-wall to fence his people from harm. There is a certain interest, even a certain power, in the half-allegorical story when the lyrics are read in sequence, though each by itself seems rather thin. Probably most readers will prefer the shorter Poems. 'The Thing He Could Not Do', for instance, shows real command over the metre chosen for it. The book is decorated by the author with black and white illustrations in conventional Chinese designs.

A Poetry Recital is a slender collection of twenty-two lyrics, some of which have appeared before. They have the same merits and defects as the poems in the four little volumes already standing to Mr. Stephens' credit. But hardly one has the freshness of phrasing and poignancy of feeling that distinguish a considerable number of these earlier poems. There is nothing to compare with 'Deirdre' or 'Hate' or 'The Snare' or 'In the Poppy Field', or the audacious 'What Tomas an Buile said in a Pub'. And the poorer ones in this booklet are pretty bad. They are either metrical experiments in which Mr. Stephens has to indicate the stresses by marks of accentuation and once, even, by an explanatory foot-note, or they are rather labored

and puerile reflection. 'Green Weeds', for example, takes two pages to express feebly what an earlier poet has tossed off in a careless couplet—

If she be not fair to me,
What care I how fair she be.

Of course there are some dainty and clever and rhythmical lyrics, notably 'Mary Hynes' and 'The Centaurs'; but the little book adds nothing to Mr. Stephens' reputation as a poet.

Voices of the Stones, on the other hand, is a distinct contribution to the poetry of mysticism and should at least help to make more secure the high place Mr. Russell holds among our poets of to-day. Some of A. E.'s early work had as much mistiness as mysticism. His later work has steadily gained in clearness of outline and in power of suggestion without any sacrifice of the profound mysticism that is its most striking characteristic. The general level of the forty poems in *Voices of the Stones* seems to me higher than

that in any of his previous books, though there is no one poem that quite equals the loveliness of 'Babylon'. As it is little use to run over the titles of poems that the reader may never see, here is 'Mutiny'—which I select for quotation because it is very short and quite representative. Is it only my fancy or has A. E. come under the spell of Housman, who has done so much to shape the form and prune the diction of modern poetry?

That blazing galleon the sun,
This dusky coracle I ride,
Both under secret orders sail
And swim upon the selfsame tide.

The fleet of stars, my boat of soul,
By perilous magic mountains pass,
Or lie where no horizons gleam
Fainting upon a sea of glass.

Come, break the seals and tell us now
Upon what enterprise we roam;
To storm what city of the gods,
Or—sail for the green fields of home!

J. F. M.

FICTION

THE LAST CONRAD

SUSPENSE, by Joseph Conrad (Dent; pp. 303; 7/6).

THOSE who possess *Suspense* need read no reviews of it. The introduction to it, written by Richard Curle, is admirably appropriate. But there must be many, even among admirers of Conrad, who do not possess the book and who are hesitating whether to possess it or not. The book is a fragment—90,000 words, to be sure, and 303 pages, but nevertheless a fragment. And while there are some who like fragments as they like cross-word puzzles, because they occupy the mind for a while with agreeable riddles, the true lover of Conrad will experience nothing but regret that the book can never be finished.

To peruse the book will certainly deepen this regret. It is very clear, from what we possess of it, that Conrad was setting to work on a large scale. In the extant fragment the plot has barely begun to develop. A preliminary situation has been outlined; the tale gradually assumes life and mystery in the well-known Conrad manner; a first crisis develops; and in the midst of its peculiar fascination the end closes on us. Needless to say, we are left at sea. Not figuratively merely. We are actually left lying in a small boat off the harbour of Genoa. How else should a Conrad fragment end?

Speculation as to the possible ending of the tale is quite futile. What we have is in the nature of a prologue, and we cannot construct a fifth act from that. It would be more reasonable to speculate on how Conrad would have developed the action. He

said himself: 'I see five or six different lines of treatment.' All we can do is to hope and pray that no posthumous collaborator, be he Ford Madox Hueffer or not, will tamper with it. There was only one Conrad. The cross-word-puzzle type of reader would do well to leave the book alone.

But the Conrad enthusiast, for all his regret, will find much in the book to please him for its own sake. The Countess de Montevesso is beautifully drawn and will rank among Conrad's most attractive women. The book is worth reading if only for the sake of her and her story. She has a touch of Mrs. Gould, but is much more firmly and heroically drawn, and there is in her story something of Browning's Pompilia. The tale also portrays finely the atmosphere in the city and in the diplomatic circles of Genoa at the time when Napoleon was caged in Elba. The uneasy streets at night recall the queer unrest of Marseilles in *The Arrow of Gold*, and again and again the tale recalls, both in plot and manner, that other seaboard tale, *Nostromo*. But no man could write two *Nostromos* and, interesting as the slight parallels are, it is not by its reminiscences that *Suspense* holds the interest. Central in the 'suspense' is the figure of Napoleon. His shadow is everywhere.

'Some people of old believed that stars have something to do with meetings and partings by their disposition, and that some, if not all men, have each a star allotted to them.'

'Perhaps,' said Cosmo, in the same subdued voice. 'But I believe there is a man greater than you or I who believes he has a star of his own.'

'Napoleon, perhaps?'

'So I have heard,' said Cosmo, and thought: 'Here he is, whenever two men meet he is a third; one can't get rid of him.'

ROMANCE

THE MADONNA OF THE BARRICADES, by J. St. Loe Strachey (McLeod; pp. 307; \$2.00).

WHEN, on an August morning in 1847, young George Chertsey, with a thoroughbred 'as playful and as innocent as a friendly kitten' between his knees, trotted through the New Forest to meet the Staghounds and encountered Carlotta Arriva-Bene in the charge of a puzzled constable, he quite unconsciously embarked on an adventure which led him along the high-road of romance, plunged him into the dark labyrinth of international conspiracy, and finally threw him up on the barricades of Paris under the red flag of Communism and the fire of the National Guard.

Curious things happened to many people in that year of European revolution; they were bound to happen to one who found himself associated with the patriots who were moving the kingdoms of heaven and earth in the cause of Italian unity and freedom. It was at once George's triumph and his supreme misfortune that he should have lost his heart on that dewy summer morning to one who had pledged herself to the service of an ideal that called for complete and selfless devotion; for, although his love brought fleeting happiness and high adventure, it was shadowed by the ineluctable sacrifice of youth that must ever be made on the altars of liberty.

Mr. Strachey, fortunately, is, an incurable romantic. That is why he can communicate to us with such reality the experiences of his hero as he is initiated into the secret activities of the Carbonari, becomes the instrument of that extraordinary society, delivers its orders to princes and prophets, and steals through the subterranean Paris of the catacombs and sewers at the risk of life and limb. It is Mr. Strachey who visits Karl Marx in the quaintly incongruous setting of the Vestry Hall of St. Martins-in-the-Fields, to threaten him politely in the name of a revolution and be threatened in turn with the police; it is he who accosts Louis Napoleon as he caracoles down Rotten Row beside the nodding plume of his most gallant mistress (who made him a present of his throne at the cost of her own abdication); it is Mr. Strachey who protects the Madonna of the Barricades in the bullet-spattered streets of Paris and charges Cavaignac's Guards by her side—fighting in a forlorn hope for a social revolution in which neither of them believes, on the orders of leaders they have never seen, but who have assured them that it is for the good of Italy that the revolution shall be accomplished.

But Mr. Strachey has other qualifications for writing an historical novel of the period that witnessed the first explosion of the class war which

has rumbled volcanically under the crust of society ever since, and they are all fused and sharpened by the intense interest in his subject, not only of the artist, but of the patriot who sees in his own country to-day almost parallel conditions to those which precipitated the French revolution of '48, and whose chief preoccupation in life is the reconciliation of the clashing interests involved. We confess to a liking for first novels. Their deficiencies as a rule are more than compensated by that fiery enthusiasm which writers of perfection so rarely retain. But here we have the first novel of an author who brings to the telling of his tale a mature command of his medium and a profound knowledge of human nature, and yet it is a story alive with the generous passion of youth. A curious product! In these days when we encounter so many old heads on young shoulders, it is singularly refreshing to find a hot young head on old ones.

THE AMERICAN SCENE

P.A.L., by Felix Riesenber (McBride, pp. 340; \$2.00).

THE American novelists have been disappointing lately. Too many of them have weakened before the terrifying face of Miss America come of age, and have either fled to Paris or turned to the simple life. In consequence we have had a run of quiet novels exploring the homely psychology of Sam Hunk or revealing the inherent sentimentality of more innocents abroad; while all the time the most dynamic nation the world has ever seen is piling up the stupendous fabric of a new civilization, built on blood and steel and pep and advertising and promissory notes; a civilization that has produced Christian Science and Hollywood and William Randolph Hearst, that is scraping the sky with its cities and filling the world with its broadcast clamour, that is gorged with gold, drunk with ideals and bootleg whiskey, dominated by pork barons and steel kings who have made Mr. Coolidge their Emperor and Democracy their handmaid! Nobody knows whether it is headed for world empire or the class war or universal brotherhood; but it affords an unparalleled spectacle as it goes roaring on its way to death or glory.

Mr. Riesenber gives us a vigorous picture of one aspect of this new America. The very names of his Chicagoans reflect the gaudiness of the scene which they adorn. Saxe Gubelstein and Hobart Tumbler, Hjalmar Petersen and Milton Ausheim, Voluspa Balt-Zimmern and Lola Nola Nash all have their wagons hitched to the coruscating star of P. A. L. Tangerman, protagonist of the 'selling' spirit, buccaneer of business, prodigal Cyprian. Poor Tangerman! His loves were as meretricious as his successes, as barren as his enterprises. In his

blatant complacency, his crass optimism, his naïve crapulence, are reflected the follies of a civilization which at the dangerous age of adolescence has come into a richer inheritance than that which ruined Rome. The issue for America is still uncertain, but it is the most exciting of our times. Mr. Riesenberg's study of the American scene, despite deficiencies and crudities, reveals an appreciation of his subject and a power of description which should make him one of the few competent interpreters of his amazing country to a puzzled and apprehensive world.

NEW NOVELS

THE SAILOR'S RETURN, by David Garnett (Chatto and Windus; pp. 163; 6/-).

MR. GARNETT is a writer of highly specialized gifts and it is with a sort of suspense that we watch him moving in his small and delicate world of perceptions. Within its walls his vision is luminous; but one step beyond that enchanted place and he will be blind and helpless in the common daylight. In *A Man at the Zoo* he took the fatal step into real life; in *The Sailor's Return* he successfully avoids it. This is not to suggest that Mr. Garnett has no concern with reality. For depicting the actions and manners of men he has little aptitude; but for the essential animal basis of life and experience he has a unique sensibility; he feels the blood pulse and the nerves jangle or chime, and the environment reflect itself upon the physical being in a thousand intimate responses. In this he is eminently modern, just as in his style and his theology there is a quaint naïveté which belongs to the 17th century. This modernism and this quaintness are not unconnected, for if our animal existence be taken as the essential fact, then civilization becomes an 'accident', and to represent it in the manner of a certain period serves to mark its subordination to the eternal process of physical life. In *Lady into Fox* and *A Man at the Zoo* the situation involved respectively an animal in the world of men and a man in the world of animals. In *The Sailor's Return* the interaction is between the savage life of central Africa and the tamer savagery of an English village. The sailor and his black wife are the fine flower of both kinds; they blossom, are cut down and forgotten as naturally as the jungle growths. This story of exceptional incidents has, indeed, an air of truth which many 'realistic' narratives fail to convey.

ANNETTE AND SYLVIE, being volume one of THE SOUL ENCHANTED, by Romain Rolland, translated by Ben Ray Redman (Holt; pp. viii, 331; \$2.50).

IT is difficult to foresee a rival to *Jean-Christophe* in *The Soul Enchanted*. Perhaps the study of the life of Annette may lead to as powerful a creation as Rolland gave us in his earlier novel. He has wide sympathy, and there is no reason to suppose that he will

fail to enter into Annette as he entered into Jean-Christophe. Yet the doubt remains, perhaps because so few novelists find their fullest scope in characters of the opposite sex. Meanwhile this first volume has positive merits enough. It is a highly concentrated study of a year or two in the life of two half-sisters. Annette, the gently-nurtured girl of good position and education, and Sylvie, the independent working girl owing everything to her own efforts and making her way with great energy and not any excess of breeding or scruple. These two figures fill the canvas, there are no minor characters, only a few dimly sketched people necessary to give solidity to the picture. And there is no doubt that the two sisters are solid and convincing enough. Rolland is in all their secrets, and has a sympathetic understanding of all their moods. Perhaps he takes Annette a little too seriously, and it remains to be seen if he can quite steer clear of sentimentality. There is a danger in becoming too intimate with a naturally reserved person. Over-expression, even false expression, is apt to be the result. Another question that suggests itself is: will there be anything in *The Soul Enchanted* comparable with that strong external intellectual interest in music in *Jean-Christophe*? But it is ungenerous to dwell on these questions in the face of this beautiful first volume.

CHRISTINA ALBERTA'S FATHER, by H. G. Wells (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 401, \$2.50).

ON the book-wrapper of *Christina Alberta's Father* there is a king seated on a high place. Behind him looms the façade of a temple. On his head is a crown of ancient design. At his feet incense burns in a quaint and graceful vessel. 'Another Utopia,' prophesies the reader, familiar with the idiosyncrasies of Mr. Wells and of the modern publisher. On the contrary. Within is Mr. Preemby, a laundryman of London, one of those mild, persistent, romantic, and lovable little men of whom Mr. Polly was the progenitor, and of whom Mr. Wells seems to have the sole pattern. Mr. Preemby, like Mr. Polly, married a sharp-tongued, strong-minded female. It seems inevitable. Mr. Polly's reaction was to set out on a quest for adventure. Mr. Preemby dreams strange dreams. The speed with which he was launched into matrimony by Mrs. Preemby, the humiliations of laundrying at her efficient side, the mystery of Christina Alberta's handsome nose—all this depresses the wistful soul of Mr. Preemby. And, in full accordance with the latest theories of inferiority complexes, he makes a magnificent gesture. The laundryman is but the shadow. The substance, the real Mr. Preemby—and here the book-wrapper comes into its own—is Sargon, King of Kings. Sargonism is the new religion. To be a Sargonist is to be the heir of all the ages, to be all the men and women who

have ever mattered on earth, all the Incorporated Great Men:

For I [says the first Sargonist] planned the Great Walls of China, and counted the lateen sails upon our grand canal. I have built a million wonderful temples and made an innumerable multitude of lovely sculptures, paintings, jewels and decorations. And I have loved a billion loves.—And I thought I was just Albert Edward Preemby. And at Woodford Wells I went for a silly little walk nearly every afternoon with sixpence in my pocket to spend and nothing in the world to do.

In the manner of Shaw's *Misalliance*, are you too meek? Read *Christina Alberta's Father*.

THUNDER ON THE LEFT, by Christopher Morley (Gundy; pp. 273; \$2.00).

MR. MORLEY gives us the key-note of his latest book in a scrap from Voltaire: *On parla des passions*. 'Ahl qu'elles sont funestes!' disait Zadig.—'Ce sont les vents qui enflent les voiles du vaisseau,' repartit l'ermite: 'elles le submergent quelquefois; mais sans elles il ne pourrait voguer. La bile rend colère et malade; mais sans la bile l'homme ne saurait vivre. Tout est dangereux ici-bas, et tout est nécessaire.' That has been the inspiration of many a comedy, some tragedies, and too many farces: in *Thunder on the Left* the stuff of all three is woven into the fabric of a fantasy fresh in its conception and well nigh perfect in its form. No one who had not retained complete his bright impressions of the land of youth could have conceived Martin, the boy who wished to enter as a spy the mysterious land of 'Grown Ups' and, penetrating their defensive barriers, discover whether they were really happy. No one but a consummate humorist could have depicted the tragi-comedy of a day in the life of Grown Ups with such sympathetic irony; and if the pervasive humour is sometimes conscious it is never forced. Only in one thing is Mr. Morley disappointing; in attempting to present Joyce (a character idealized, we suspect, rather than realized) he has overstepped his limitations; but in no other character are they apparent, and Martin is a masterpiece.

TALES OF THE LONG BOW, by G. K. Chesterton (Cassell; pp. 310; \$2.00).

THE chronicles of a fellowship of foolish persons who attempt to do impossible things in an unprecedented manner, and who prove to be wiser and wittier than their critics. It is perhaps a little too soon to gauge accurately Mr. Chesterton's status in English literature. There are many who found his first roar of titanic laughter at the world's ineptitudes amazingly diverting, and who have since wearied of gazing through his ever-inverted telescope. Some were, and remain, uncomfortably conscious of a strain in his genius alien to English thought and manners, whereas others hail him as the worthiest exponent of that ancient spirit of mischief, mockery, and wit, the eternal Puck. But the trappings of the jester and

the whimsicalities of the king's fool have ever been a cloak for truth and wisdom. Here, in modern guise, great deeds are done, honour is held high, maids are fair and men are brave. Don Quixote rules the land. Mr. Chesterton waves his wizard's wand and the ordinary becomes strange, the dull, romantic, and the commonplace, mysterious. To the sated reader, the book comes as cool and refreshing as a wind at dawn. And over and around and through it all sweep great gusts of laughter that must shake the most sullen soul from its moorings. For this gift alone we thank the jovial gods who made Mr. Chesterton.

BENONI, by Knut Hamsun (Knopf; pp. 251; \$2.50).

THE work of making Hamsun's writings available to English readers progresses. Ten of his novels and one of his plays have already been translated into English and published, and it is likely that some four more, *Rosa*, *Vendt the Monk*, possibly *Sunset Glow* and *The Last Joy* will be regarded as justifying publication in English. *Benoni*, written some seventeen years ago, represents the middle stage of Hamsun's development. He has passed from the passionately subjective phase which flames through all his work from *Hunger* to *Pan*. He has not reached the majestic, benignant calm of *Growth of the Soil*. But the social adjustment has begun. In *Pan* the hero stormily defies society; in *Under the Autumn Stars* he stands aside sadly, resignedly, and lets the world pass by him. But *Benoni* is in his little social group and of it, and he tries to make himself a place in it, above it, but not remote from it. He is a mail carrier and fisherman in that little Nordland village which is dominated by our old friend, Trader Mack, and the whole book is the story of his rise and fall and rise again in the life of the village. Not the whole story. There is a typical Hamsun love story, with Parson's Daughter Rosa sought by the pathetically loving climber, *Benoni*, and by the lawyer cad, who has tired of her before he has married her. There is no violent action, but there is abundance of that quality which readers of Hamsun look for in all his writings, and find in all of them in which the scene is laid in the north, away from the cities—and that is atmosphere, the intangible reality that comes from wistful reminiscences by an artist of scenes that have held hope and love and youthful sorrow for him.

LITTLE NOVELS OF SICILY, by Giovanni Verga, translated by D. H. Lawrence (Blackwell; pp. 191; 6/-).

IN his prefatory note Mr. Lawrence tells the reader that 'Giovanni Verga, the Sicilian novelist and playwright, is by many Italian critics esteemed the best

writer of fiction Italy has produced, after Manzoni'. He further informs him that most of the dozen sketches in the book 'are said to be drawn from actual life, from the village where Verga lived and from which his family originally came'. One can readily believe it, for the characters that act and speak in these little stories are amazingly realistic. Even the animals seem to be dogs and asses that Verga knew. There is one sketch, 'The Saint and the Ass', that packs into 18 pages a more moving story than the children's classic, *Black Beauty*, and there is never a trace of sentimentality in it. Most of the sketches are relieved by bits of rich humour, by touches of sharp satire, and by shrewd comments on life. As a whole, however, the little novels are profoundly sad, full of that melancholy wisdom which is to be found only in the literature of an old, old people who have reached the stage where they have no illusions at all about the present and hardly any about even the future. There is nothing in English just like these little stories. And they cannot have lost much of their original flavour by being retold in the limpid and idiomatic prose of Mr. Lawrence's translation. He has done a real service to English readers.

FALSE SCENT, by J. S. Fletcher (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 295; \$2.00).

THOSE who despise alike the detective story that does not baffle the intelligence and the one which only sustains its mystery through the unwarrantable liberties of a shameless author, but who revel in a good one, can put on their hat and get Mr. Fletcher's last achievement from the corner bookshop without bothering to finish this notice. *False Scent* is aptly named, for we defy the most ingenious student of mystery fiction to spot the thief of Alanschester's unique collection of siege coins (worth £15,000) until they are well into the last stretch of this most entertaining yarn. The explanation of Mr. Fletcher's peculiarly wide popularity is to be found in the fact that he is not only a master of the technique of the detective story, but is also a literary craftsman of no little merit. His rich collection of characters are well and subtly drawn, one and all the natural products of their environment, from Detective-Sergeant Stevenage of the C.I.D. to the suave yet masterful Mayor of Alanschester; while the atmosphere of that ancient Yorkshire town is so ably created that we are shocked by the strangeness of our own den when we return to consciousness of it at three a.m.

A MISCELLANY

WANDERINGS AND EXCURSIONS, by J. Ramsay MacDonald (Jonathan Cape; pp. 319; \$1.75).

A PERSONALLY conducted tour of the globe under the guidance of an ex-Prime Minister, a super-journalist, and withal a very engaging and cultured companion. Here are vivid sketches of Naples and the Bosphorus, Jerusalem and sun-baked jungles in Central India, but more interesting than these are fascinating glimpses into the recesses of Mr. MacDonald's mind. Whether he is hunting tiger in the tropics, or fraternizing with the wild mountaineers of Georgia, he never forgets that he is a great statesman and a great Scotsman. It is more worth reading as an unconscious delineation of character than as a book of travel; an odd sentence here and there, and one has a portrait of the veritable man, all the essential features that one misses too often in an orthodox biography. The left wing of the Labour Party criticize Ramsay MacDonald for his 'social superiority', and there is little doubt that he has a temperamental affinity for the laird and the squire, rather than for the class-conscious proletariat; while his censure of the Tories is more or less perfunctory, he has a wholehearted distaste for the Communist and all his ways. With all his virtues and his weaknesses there is a genuine simplicity about the man that must disarm the criticism of all but the most thoroughgoing economic determinists.

SILVER PENNIES, by Blanche Jennings Thompson (Macmillan; pp. xxvi, 138; \$1.00).

A gift-book of verse for the serious, literary-minded little girl or boy. It is an anthology of modern English and American poetry suitable for children from the ages of 3 to 13. The standard is fairly high throughout, but is noticeably higher in the second part, for older children. This seems to be because the compiler has a good eye for the poems which, though written for older readers, appeal to the young as well, but is not so sure of herself in selecting from strictly children's poetry. Some of the best modern writers of children's verse are not represented at all; for example, Eleanor Farjeon, Lewis Carroll, E. V. Lucas, A. A. Milne, who (together with Walter de la Mare, represented by two poems in this volume) manage more successfully than anyone else to bridge the gulf between Mother Goose and 'grown up' poetry. Most children love fairy tales, but who cares for pretty little rhymes about the fairies in flowers? The inclusion of de la Mare's 'Some One', John Kendrick Bangs' 'The Little Elf', Vachel Lindsay's 'The Little Turtle', Hodgson's 'The Bells of Heaven', and Tagore's 'Paper Boats', goes far however to redeem the first part; and the second part is enriched by a few real masterpieces and by many poems of well-established worth. The disappointment is that the compiler has made no 'finds' of any consequence, and has missed almost en-

INDIVIDUALITY

is as important in books as it is in people. Here are books with real personality.

THE NEW THIRD VOLUME OF THE FAMOUS PAGE LETTERS By BURTON J. HENDRICK

Of the first two volumes over 80,000 sets have been sold in the United States and Canada. To these readers the new letters will have an irresistible appeal. They contain character sketches that will live of such men as King George, Asquith, Lloyd George, Grey, Kitchener, Northcliffe, Lichnowsky, Sir John French, Lord Haldane, Lord Curzon, Lord Robert Cecil, Herbert C. Hoover and many others. The information he gives about these men and their attitudes and influence on events constitutes the flesh and blood of history. Price, Net, \$5.00.

Adventures in Understanding

By David Grayson

In this, his first book in seven years, the sage of Hempfield returns, with all the delightful, homely philosophy that flavoured his "Adventures in Contentment" and "Adventures in Friendship." Price, Net, \$2.50.

Life in Mediaeval France

By Joan Evans

This is a fascinating book for the general reader, depicting the mediaeval background of French history. Miss Evans describes the life of castle and cottage, monastery and cathedral, school and university, city and countryside, and succeeds in bringing to life the days of feudalism and chivalry. "The Oxford University Press is to be highly commended for the excellent production of this book, which is really cheap at the price." —From "The Nation and The Athenaeum." Price, Net, \$4.50.

Concerning Evolution

By J. Arthur Thomson

Professor Thomson's latest book is an important step toward a re-correlation of science and religion. He discusses The Making of Worlds, The Evolution of Organisms, and The Emergence of Man, showing how evolutionary science may illumine the religious outlook. With a frontispiece and many figures illustrating the text. Price, Net, \$2.50.

The Life of Sir William Osler

By

Dr. Harvey Cushing

"Dr. Harvey Cushing has dared greatly in producing a two-volume biography so soon after the death of his subject. He has not been less daring in the manner of his compilation. But he has presented a great figure so that his greatness shines forth. The Osler of his pages is a man worthy of all the reverence which the instinct of two continents so readily accorded to him."

—From The London Times.

Price \$12.50

Thunder on the Left

By Christopher Morley

"This is the best piece of work that has been done in this country in ten years. . . . It puts Morley at the top of the list of American writers." T. B. Wells, Editor, Harper's Magazine. Homer Croy, Paris, France, prophesied that some day people would whittle down Morley's gate-posts for keepsakes. Price, Net, \$2.00.

The Second Book of the Gramophone Record

By Percy A. Scholes

Notes upon the music of fifty records, from Schubert to composers of the present day. Mr. Scholes is perhaps the best-known music critic in the English-speaking countries, and is just now concluding a lecture tour of this continent which included several Canadian cities. He succeeds in imparting technical knowledge without being obscure, difficult, or even technical. Price, Net, \$1.35.

A Book of Modern Verse

Compiled by J. C. Smith

It contains, among many others, poems by James Elroy Flecker, John Masefield, W. H. Davies, Thomas Hardy, Walter de la Mare, Robert Bridges, W. W. Gibson, Edward Thomas, Robert Nichols, Rupert Brooke, A. E. Housman, Siegfried Sassoon, Alice Meynell, W. B. Yeats and Francis Thompson. Price, Net, 90c.

KEATS AND SHAKESPEARE By J. MIDDLETON MURRY

Mr. Murry is here concerned with a method of approach to Shakespeare, and finds it in the poems and letters of Keats, the spontaneous follower of Shakespeare "in the exploration of life." His book is not a biography, not a criticism, but a study of Keats' soul during the busy four years (1816-1820) of his poetic life; it is an experience of Keats. "The Nation and The Athenaeum" says of it: "It is an illuminating, deeply pondered study, and, whatever its faults may be, there is no book on Keats I would rather possess and keep by me on my shelves." And "The Manchester Guardian" this: "Mr. Murry's narrative is more thrilling than any novel. . . . A new Keats rises from these pages. Price, Net, \$4.25.

S.B.GUNDY OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS TORONTO

tirely the delightful vein of poetry which a few child lovers have recently struck.

THE MIRROR OF THE MONTHS, by Sheila Kaye-Smith (The Society of SS. Peter and Paul; pp. 69; 6/-).

An Anglo-Catholic book of devotion by a famous novelist. Each of the twelve chapters falls into two unequal parts. There is first, in a single page or less, a picture of Sussex countryside as it looks and smells and feels on a day that is typical of the month. The five or six remaining pages are given to the exposition of some doctrine or mystery of the Christian faith, an exposition that attempts to relate Christianity on the one hand to science and the processes of nature, and on the other to the faith and practice of earlier religions. Despite the very considerable learning and the deeply religious spirit of these expository passages, we feel that they will not quite satisfy either the scientist or the theologian. But their style is a continual delight to the reader, and in the beautifully finished little sketches of the months Sheila Kaye-Smith has equalled the best bits of description in her novels. The paper, type, and binding of the little book are all admirable.

THE ENGLISH NOVEL, by Hugh Walpole (Cambridge; pp. 36; 65c).

Mr. Walpole has succeeded in saying something interesting and positive on this rather nebulous subject. Although he denies progress, he firmly asserts that there has been evolution in the English novel since *Tristram Shandy*, and coherently traces its course. Speaking of novels generally, every novelist, he says, must have 'conviction, sincerity, and vision'. 'Vision' he explains as follows:

It is not enough for the novelist to note the tiny earthly changes from day to day that go on around him, not enough for him even to analyze the marks and scratches made by events upon his own tiny personality. Having created, he must place his creations in a world which is larger than his mortal eye can see, and that has more meaning in its truth than his mortal brain can grasp.

Lastly, Mr. Walpole boldly furnishes a list of whom he considers the important living novelists.

RED OLEANDERS, by Rabindranath Tagore (Macmillan; pp. 181; \$1.50).

A fascinating play, which seems to take the Western reader away from anything he has seen or imag-

ined before, but which (as we get to know it better) is found to be fundamental as an old mystery play. Its chief characters might almost be named, after the mediæval fashion, Beauty, Cruelty, Devotion, Business and so forth, and closely as we follow the particular story of the play, it is for human nature and human life in general that we are stirred more than for Nandini and Ranjan and their fate. As always, Tagore has complete mastery over his theme. His writing of English is unique, because he does not feel (as any Englishman would feel) the necessity of being more reserved and polite in prose than he would be in verse. Tagore's prose has all the expressiveness of verse, and the fine lyrical quality which Masfield alone of English poets sometimes (as in the opening scene of *Pompey*) gets into his prose.

MASTERFUL WILHELMINE, by Julius Stinde, presented to English readers by E. V. Lucas (Methuen; pp. xi, 242; \$1.65).

An entertaining account of the domestic adventures of a German middle-class family in the latter half of the 19th century. It might be all Mr. Lucas's invention, and, strange to say, it might be all about some Cockney family. There is a delightful mixture of banter and seriousness, which gives us a close intimacy with these good people Carl and Frau Buchholz, their daughters Emmi and Betti and their successive suitors and husbands. It is strange to think that ten years ago Mr. Lucas would have had no readers for his unpatriotic picture of the harmless and amusing and altogether worthy lives of these uncles and aunts of the enemy. Mr. Lucas always produces something to be thankful for, and he has found a treasure this time.

POPE, by Lytton Strachey (Cambridge; pp. 31; 65c).

In this sprightly lecture, Pope is first measured by the rule of Matthew Arnold—and then Arnold by the rule of Pope; 'correctness' and 'artificiality' are investigated, with refreshing results. Nor is the reader disappointed of those aphorisms which he has come to expect as his due from Mr. Strachey. For example: 'It was a noble snobbery that put Homer so very high in the table of precedence—probably immediately after the Archbishop of Canterbury.'

Trinity College School

Exclusively a residential School—no day boys.
Offers your boys a "Life" more than just a "School."
Over 100 acres of ground. Established 60 years.
Term opens on September 9th and 10th

Write for prospectus.

REV. F. GRAHAM ORCHARD, M.A. (Camb.), D.D., Headmaster
PORT HOPE, ONT.



BOOKS REVIEWED OR ADVERTISED IN THESE PAGES
MAY BE HAD AT

Tyrrell's Book Shop

Books—the Ideal Gift

THE FIGHT FOR EVEREST

By Various Members of the Expedition. Edited by SIR FRANCIS YOUNGHUSBAND, K.C.S.I., ex-President of the Royal Geographical Society. \$7.50.

This new volume completes a trilogy of heroic efforts to scale the highest mountain in the world. A special feature, in addition to a large number of beautiful photographs, is a series of coloured plates, reproducing pictures drawn by Dr. Somervell, and a new map embodying all the latest information about the great mountain. With eight coloured Plates and 24 full-page illustrations and a Map.

ALSO

MOUNT EVEREST: THE RECONNAISSANCE, THE ASSAULT ON MOUNT EVEREST, 1922.
1921. \$7.50. \$7.50.

SEVENTY SUMMERS

By POULTNEY BIGELOW, Author of "Japan and Her Colonies," "White Man's Africa," etc. With Portrait, 2 Vols., 8vo, \$10.00. Nearly Ready.

In these volumes will be found interesting references to nearly all the leading personages of the time in both hemispheres; to the Bunsens, Moltke, the Bismarcks, the Emperor Frederick, William II. in Germany; to the Czar Nicholas in Russia; to Kruger, Leyds and Steyn in South Africa; to Jay Gould, the Astors, the Vanderbilts, Theodore Roosevelt, Seward, Van Horne and many others in the United States and Canada; to Canovas and Castelar in Spain; and to a great number of famous Englishmen and Englishwomen in Great Britain.

TELL ME ANOTHER

By The Most HON. THE MARQUIS OF ABERDEEN AND TEMAIR. \$2.50.

Lord Aberdeen is a model companion; his fund of good stories is inexhaustible, and he knows how to put them in a setting which provides them with a conversational charm. He has naturally a good deal to say about Scottish humour, but he allows us to share with him fun from all over the world, stories from Ireland and America, stories legal and clerical, ghost stories, "misapprehensions," deer-stalking yarns, stories for children, tales of travel and of the drama, the whole mingled with a wealth of varied reminiscence and keen but kindly observation of men and manners.

Social and Diplomatic Memories, 1902-1919

By the RIGHT HON. SIR J. RENNELL RODD, G.C.B. \$7.50.

This third volume completes the record of the author's experiences during thirty-seven years of active life abroad. The key-notes of this volume are Rome, Italy and the Great War.

ALSO

SOCIAL AND DIPLOMATIC MEMORIES,
1884-1893. \$7.50.

SOCIAL AND DIPLOMATIC MEMORIES,
1894-1901. \$7.50.

The Best Plays of 1923-1924

Edited by BURNS MANTLE. \$2.50.

This year-book of the drama on this continent contains such plays as "The Goose Hangs High," "Hell Bent for Heaven," "Sun-up," "The Swan," "Outward Bound," "The Show Off," "Chicken Feed," "Beggars on Horseback," etc.

Three Worth-While Novels :

BEAU GESTE

By CAPT. P. C. WREN, Author of "Wages of Virtue," etc. \$2.00.

A story of as strange and as titanic a struggle against odds as ever lent the pages of romance power to set the heart beating quickly. Its appeal is general, to all who enjoy a stirring story well told, in which manhood holds steadfast before grim testing, and loyalty and brotherly love survive the most cruel challenge. A tale as absorbing as anything in modern adventure.

THE POLYGLOTS

By WILLIAM GERHARDI. \$2.50.

"As captivating, as delightfully arresting as 'The Constant Nymph.'—'The Forum.'"

"The Polyglots is one of the big books of the year. Its satire is well-nigh perfect. . . . how unerringly each shaft is aimed."—From Henry Longan Stuart's Full Page Review in the New York "Times".

BROADCAST

By JOHN D. MACKWORTH. \$2.25.

This is another novel by the author of "The Axe is Laid." It deals with Bolshevik activities both in England and in Russia, and tells of the exciting rescue of a Professor in Russia by aeroplane. The title is derived from an incident well described in the book, in which the villain manages to shout a message into the broadcasting company's transmitter. This message is picked up by the Bolsheviks in Russia, and nearly results in the recapture of the Russian Professor and hero.

THE HIDDEN YEARS : A Tale of the Youth of Christ.

By JOHN OXENHAM. \$1.75.

Mr. Oxenham tells the story objectively as by an eye-witness, by the boy Jesus' next-door neighbor and friend, who later became his partner in the Carpenter's Shop. It aims at giving in the most reverent way the human side of the greatest Life ever lived on earth.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., 210 Victoria St., Toronto 2

THE BUILDING CRAFT

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE BUILDING CRAFTS, by Martin S. Briggs, F.R.I.B.A. (Oxford; pp. xv, 296; \$2.50).

A GREAT deal has been written on architecture and the development of architectural style, but Mr. Briggs has given us a very readable book on 'building'. The author traces the history of the crafts from Ancient Egypt to Europe of the 17th century, when we are informed that the architect arrived 'with his Vitruvius under his arm' and stifled the crafts. When we remember the corrupt state of the guilds at this period, the advent of the architect would not seem so calamitous an event, though we are compelled to admit that we are still suffering from the effects of Vitruvius.

A chapter is given to each of the great crafts of masonry, joinery, brickwork, etc., and one is struck by the fact that, in spite of the improvements that are being made every day in machinery, the tools of the modern workman in the building trade differ very slightly in design and number from those of the craftsmen of the 17th century. On the other hand, in the preparation of such materials as mortar, concrete, and the like used in modern building construction, there is a marked contrast with the past. Recipes for these are rarely interesting, let alone appetizing, but what British workman would not sigh for the 'good old days' on reading Moxon's mixture for cement in his *Mechanick Exercises* (1678):

Take $\frac{1}{2}$ a Pound of Old Cheshire-Cheese, pair of the Rine, and throw it away, cut or grate the Cheese very small, and put it into a Pot, put to it about a Pint of Cows-milk, let it stand all Night, the next Morning get the Whites of 12 or 14 Eggs, then take $\frac{1}{2}$ a Pound of the best Unslacked or Quick Lime that you can get, and beat it to Powder in a Mortar, then sift it through a fine Hair Sieve into a Tray or Bole of Wood, or into an Earthen Dish, to which put the Cheese and Milk, and stir them well together with a Trowel, or such like thing breaking the Knots of Cheese, if there be any, then add the Whites of the Eggs, and Temper all well together, and so use it; this Cement will be a White Colour, but if you would have it of the Colour of the Brick, put into it either some very fine Brick-Dust, or Almegram, not too much, but only just to colour it.

Moxon was, of course, a contemporary of Sir Christopher Wren, and if we may assume that this was a cement used on very good work, it should be interesting for the architectural student or the poultry farmer to compute the number of eggs that went into St. Pauls!

Mr. Briggs' *History of the Building Crafts* is well written and well illustrated by sketches of his own and by reprints from Moxon. In these days of mass production it would seem improbable that the modern workman should find in his labour the same pleasure that the medieval craftsman found in his, but we would hope with the author that not only his plumber, but his carpenter and ironworker,

may convince themselves that they are the heirs of a great artistic tradition.

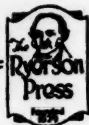
INTRODUCTION TO POLITICS

INTRODUCTION TO MODERN POLITICAL THEORY, by C. E. M. Joad (World's Manuals; Clarendon Press; pp. 128; 75c).

TEN years ago Mr. Ernest Barker wrote for the Home University Library a neat little book on modern political thought. To-day it has an antiquated and cloistered air. We do not take some prophets so seriously as Mr. Barker did. We are not greatly concerned over the political doctrines of Carlyle and Spencer and Ruskin. On the other hand, we are more alive to certain social trends which were advancing in blissful disregard of these opinionated prophets. Mr. Barker devoted only a final chapter to the subject of 'economics and politics', and its quality may be inferred from his remark about Mr. Normal Angell that 'he banishes one kind of war in favour of a worse kind of war'. (Mr. Angell did nothing of the sort, and in any case Mr. Barker should not have used so glibly that false and conventional phrase about a 'worse kind of war'.) Our present author devotes three-fourths of his little book to the economic aspects of politics, justifying this proportion on the ground that 'it simply reflects the tendencies prevalent in political theory to-day'.

Mr. Joad reviews lucidly and dispassionately the various tenets around which the great controversies of the age are joined, devoting most attention to the modern types of collectivist theory, Marxism, syndicalism, guild socialism, and the new communism. His own viewpoint appears to be that of a moderate evolutionary socialist, but it is nowhere obtruded. He gives a fair and objective statement of the various doctrines, making criticism secondary to exposition. His attitude shows itself chiefly in his *obiter dicta*, of which the following is a good sample. 'Education', he remarks, 'has much to say of patriotism, whereby the individual benefits the country to which he happens to belong by eliminating the citizens of other countries, but little enough of social service whereby the individual confers benefit by the elimination of his own profits. He is taught to fight for his country, but to work for himself.'

The point may fairly be made that the author stresses rather the economic than the political aspect of the doctrines under review. He treats only incidentally such great political topics as the problem of sovereignty, the control of the state over the non-economic aspects of life, the question of the 'personality' of the state, the nature of political law, and so forth. These are not merely side-issues of the economic-political controversy; they are of the very substance of modern thinking about the state.



Outstanding Works of Unusual Interest

Lord Grey's Memoirs

Twenty-Five Years

By *Vicount Grey of Falloden, K.C.*

Without doubt the outstanding biography of the year, and likely to take the place in opinion and popular discussion awarded the Page Letters two years ago. It reveals for the first time many important international negotiations of very vital interest in later developments. Two volumes, boxed. \$10.00 per set.

Marjorie Pickthall

A Book of Remembrance

By *Lorne Pierce*

Dr. Pierce has made a labour of love of this commemorative volume and has had access to an enormous amount of material—journals, diaries, correspondence—all of which throws light on the late poet's life and literary gifts. The book is beautiful in typographical format and binding, and is generously illustrated. It will be in every way a fitting memorial. De Luxe, boxed, \$5.00.

The Book of the West

By *H. A. Kennedy*

"He has told in short form the story of the newer Canada from the standpoint of one who has seen with his own eyes much of the growth in its swift evolution. Mr. Kennedy has a vivid, dramatic style and never touches a subject in these chapters save to make it interesting."—*Globe*. "The book is readable, instructive, well illustrated and should have a place as a popular history of the West."—*Mail*. \$2.00.

Canadian Portraits

By *Adrian Macdonald*

New light on the lives and personalities of great Canadians is always interesting and valuable. This volume treats sixteen outstanding figures beginning with Wolfe and Montcalm and covering the period up to Sir William Osler. The author is one of our brilliant young educationists, \$2.00.

Settlers of the Marsh

By *Frederick Philip Grove*

Heralded as the strongest Canadian novel for years, Mr. Grove's work, already well-known to Canadians is compared to Thomas Hardy and Knut Hamsun. It is a powerful, realistic study of life in the pioneer districts of the western Canadian plains. \$2.00.

From your bookseller, or

The Ryerson Press
Publishers Toronto 2

Four Autumn Books

of Unusual Interest

The Life of Benito Mussolini

By *Margherita G. Sarfatti*

Mussolini's life-story and his character are vividly set forth by one of his most intimate women friends. No one can guess yet what Mussolini's place will be in the history of our epoch, but it is not too much to say that he will continue to be thought of as Italy's most wonderful son since the days of Garibaldi. \$6.00

The Best Poems of 1924

Edited by *Thomas Moul*

Such a collection as this has long been needed to preserve the best of what has been written during the preceding year. Mr. Moul's two previous volumes, those for 1922 and 1923, have been so well received that the publishers have decided to make the collection an annual event. Some of the best-known English and American poets who are represented in the volume are—Laurence Housman, Walter de la Mare, Sara Teasdale, Lady Margaret Sackville, William H. Davies, Anne Winslow, A. E. Coppard and Charles H. Towne. \$1.75

The Little Karoo

By *Pauline Smith*

The Little Karoo is a region of the veld in Cape Colony, stretching east and west, high above the sea-level, immediately south of the Zwartberg Mountains. In this volume is contained eight short stories, that give an intimate picture of the people who live in that back-water of the world. They are related with sympathy, and with that starkness of style invariably used for tales of the peasantry. A book in which the pathos of these simple lives has been given its full value without being forced. \$1.25

Shaw

By *J. S. Collis*

"Mr. Collis has succeeded in writing a very good book indeed about a man round whom many books, good and bad, have been written already. Mr. Collis has something to say about Mr. Shaw in all his manifestations, as politician, orator, reformer, novelist, dramatist, critic, and a score of other things, and whatever aspect of his subject he may be considering, what he has to say is always worth saying and always well said. . . . His book is the best which has appeared on its subject since the masterly study by Mr. Chesterton, and in one respect surpasses that. Mr. Collis is apparently a new recruit to the ranks of criticism, and a very welcome one—a recruit with the marshal's baton in his knapsack."—*Sunday Times*. \$1.50

Thos. Nelson & Sons

Limited 77 Wellington St. W. Toronto 2

DREAMERS OF DREAMS

THE TWO CITIES, OR STATECRAFT AND IDEALISM, by M. D. Petre (Longmans; pp. 116; \$1.50); CREATIVE SOCIALISM, E. Townshend (Dent; pp. xii, 148; 75c).

THERE is nothing common to these two books we have listed except their 'idealism', their conviction that a new and fairer world can be built by men. The former is a pathetic little book that vainly tries to be articulate on the greater problems of the state. The author is so obviously well-meaning, but his (or her) casual reflections float vaguely above the deep eddies of the political tide. Those who want merely to be edified may find it of some service. Mr. Townshend's book is sterner stuff. He writes in the spirit of William Morris, with the same feeling of the loss of individuality and the decay of initiative which beset the industrial worker in a world of capitalistic production. But, unlike Morris, he is not afraid of the technique of modern industry. He thinks it a misfortune that the direction of the labour struggle has led the workers to care little for its efficiency and development. Unless they are interested in production they can never hope to control production. They must, in fact, regain a 'professional consciousness'. Apart from a few special industries, such as coal-mining, the world of work is no mere mechanical routine, is not in itself servile, but is full of dignity and potential opportunity. But the dignity and the opportunity cannot be realized unless the worker has control. 'As capacity matures, a sense of responsibility will mature with it, and the demand to take over and manage production—their own job—in the interest of the community will become insistent and eventually irresistible.' So the workers become 'free men, full of initiative, with faculties awakened by collective independence', and in time professional consciousness will become 'the main motive and "urge" in everyday life'.

Such is the creed of creative socialism. Like all other socialism it demands an act of faith. Its fundamental articles, never expressly defended in this book, are these: first, that the average man is capable of initiative and responsibility and will desire and exercise it when the conditions are made favourable; second, that the sense of collective responsibility and a common goal evokes this capacity more enduringly than the motives of competitive or individual advantage. Around such creeds the battle always rages, and in ever new forms they will arouse the devotion and the scorn of men for ever.

ASHLEY & CRIPPEN
Photographs
BLOOR AT BAY RANDOLPH 8252



GALSWORTHY'S LATEST PLAY

THE SHOW, by John Galsworthy (Duckworth; pp. 105; 75c).

ONCE again John Galsworthy has undertaken to dramatize a social weakness. The sin of modern society that he has pilloried in *The Show* is the morbid curiosity which turns the misfortunes of families encountering some notorious mischance into a public entertainment. Mr. Galsworthy endeavours to fasten some of the blame on the law, which assumes the right to pry into personal matters that should be private, and on the newspapers, which publish the scandalous findings. Probably he realizes that he has failed in both these counts. The law must investigate when things look as though a crime has been committed, and it is tragic, though unavoidable, that the innocent must so often suffer with the guilty. There are a few newspapers struggling along here and there that maintain high standards in selecting news to give the public; all honour to them. But the majority of newspaper owners, frequently the most sanctimonious ones, believe that their readers should be given what they want, and that if the readers have vulgar minds, it is too bad, but they must be supplied with vulgarities of a sensational nature. These gentlemen feel that their hands are clean, because the public creates the newspaper, not the newspaper the public. Consequently, Mr. Galsworthy is only asking the very trite question—why is it that, in spite of our boasted religion and education, the majority of our people have such cheap minds?

It is hardly ever possible to gauge the theatrical possibilities of a play by reading it, but *The Show* reads like a gripping drama. It tells the story of the investigation into the suicide of a prominent Englishman who took his life because he knew he was going insane. Unfortunately, the letter explaining the reason for his act was sent to a friend who did not receive it for some days. In the meantime, the law and the newspapers had investigated, and made known to the eagerly-listening public, a number of unhappy circumstances in the domestic relations of the dead man and his wife. Their relatives are dragged into the mess, and suffer keenly and unnecessarily, before the final tragic disclosure is made that ought to silence gossiping tongues. In making his arraignment of human nature, Mr. Galsworthy has written a play that seems, in the reading, to have all the important qualities of suspense, sympathy, and drama. We should like to see it staged.

FRED JACOB.

**FIVE
IMPORTANT
NEW
"MUSSON"
BOOKS**

Maurice Hutton *Principal of University College, Toronto.* *The Greek Point of View*

A masterly analysis of the Greek contribution to knowledge, literature and life, by one who knows how to convey expert knowledge in a clear and eminently readable manner. He discusses the distinctly Greek point of view in politics, ethics, art and religion. The world of Greek thought and feeling is made wonderfully near and luminous, and the great personalities become very real and human. This study of the Greek world is not a study of alien life, for are not the ideas of Plato either dominant or dormant in the life of to-day!..... \$2.50

PETER McARTHUR *Around Home*

Here is a book for long winter evenings, and for sultry summer days. Here is a whole Canadian countryside pressed like rose petals between two cloth-bound boards, fragrant still and inviting. No writer has caught so exactly the spirit of rural Ontario, the humour and pathos of farm life, as has Peter McArthur, and "Around Home" contains the finest products of his pen. Illustrations by C. W. Jefferys. \$2.00

A. S. M. HUTCHINSON *One Increasing Purpose*

The Daily Mail, London, says: "Better even than 'If Winter Comes'." The Family Herald and Weekly Star says: "'One Increasing Purpose' is the best thing A. S. M. Hutchinson has yet done." S. Morgan-Powell says: "That solid and very numerous body of readers who liked Hutchinson's previous works will find that in this, his last novel, he has vindicated both his own reputation and their considerate judgment." The purpose of the author is to reveal the steady progress of a sincere man in his search for a spiritual meaning in life until at last he finds K.O.H. peace—the Kingdom of Heaven in his own heart \$2.00

M. VICTORIN *Translated by James Ferres* *The Chopping Bee*

Bro. M. Victorin is a compelling literary personality of French-Canada whose work, presented in this complete English translation, must go down as among the most genuine and beautiful of our time. He has given us some of the most real and exquisite pictures of habitation life ever conceived. They are a discovery of new beauty, moving simplicity and fresh philosophy. Illustrations by Thoreau MacDonald \$2.00

ANNE PARRISH *The Perennial Bachelor*

This Harper prize novel for 1925 is one of the literary finds of the year that will delight every discriminating reader. The Toronto Globe says: "If this is not a great novel, it misses being so so narrowly that one reader, at least, will never know the difference. Maggie, May, Lily and Victor Campion are such real people, and their story is so movingly told that anyone who can read it without many smiles and at least a few tears had better examine himself most closely to see whether he is not suffering from hardening of the arteries of his soul. \$2.00

TORONTO

THE MUSSON BOOK COMPANY, LTD.

PUBLISHERS

GIFTS THAT ARE GIFTS INDEED— MACMILLAN BOOKS

PANCHATANTRA. Translated by Arthur Ryder - \$4.50

The first complete English translation of the famous fable-book of ancient India. It is a delightful book, full of the charm and wisdom of the orient.

THE SAILOR'S RETURN. By David Garnett - \$1.50

One of the most unusual and original books of the year. "It will delight many who are wearied by the familiar obsessions of the contemporary novel," says The Times, London, England.

ALONG THE ROAD. By Aldous Huxley - \$2.00

"Records of a tour," is Mr. Huxley's description of these enchanting essays. "A tour de force," says The Spectator. "The tour that is made is a tour of Mr. Huxley's mind, and that is what we mean by a tour de force."

THREE PLAYS. By Padraic Colum - \$2.00

"The Fiddler's House," "The Land," and "Thomas Muskerrey" are the three plays included in this volume. In all three Mr. Colum pictures with his customary sympathy the Irish country and Irish character.

ERNESTINE SOPHIE. By Sophia Cleugh - \$2.00

No one who likes a lively romance with an unusually appealing heroine should fail to read "Ernestine Sophie."

CHRISTINA ALBERTA'S FATHER. By H. G. Wells \$2.50

"Mr. Wells is the best living writer of imaginative fiction," says The Spectator. In "Christina Alberta's Father," he returns to this field in which he excels.

CANDID CHRONICLES. By Hector Charlesworth - \$4.00

"Canadians will find it an irresistible book. But any reader who cares for human nature, for politics, for music, painting, writing, cannot fail but be enthralled by its pages."—Willison's Monthly.

DAY BEFORE YESTERDAY. By Fred Jacob - \$2.00

"Some finely authentic glimpses of the old Ontario village. Nobody could have sketched with more delicate humor the foibles and mannerisms of those days and such people."—Augustus Bridle in The Star.

LONDON. By Sidney Dark - \$5.00

With illustrations by Joseph Pennell. Lovers of London and of beautiful books will revel in this happy combination of the author's passion for London and the artist's genius for interpretation.

PINOCCHIO. By Collodi - \$6.00

A translation of the Italian edition of the celebrated story of Pinocchio, the wooden boy who became a real boy.—With hundreds of illustrations by the most famous Italian illustrator, Mussino.

WORDS AND IDIOMS. By Logan Pearsall Smith - \$2.25

The author uses his study of words as a method of elucidating the history of man's thoughts and ideals and ways of feeling. A most suggestive and stimulating volume.

AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY. By Theodore Dreiser - \$2.50

Mr. Dreiser's first novel since 1916, and a worthy successor to "Sister Carrie," "Jennie Gerhardt," and "The Genius."

These are Macmillan Books

They are Good Books

Please mention THE CANADIAN FORUM when buying from Advertisers.

THE FISCAL FUTURE OF CANADA-II

(Continued from Page 72.)

brooke, Hamilton, and kindred places, but they would soon recover any lost ground from the great stimulus which would be applied to the general prosperity of the country. Seaports like Vancouver and St. John would stand to gain enormously by it, and the increase in trade between Canada and the mother country would soon make possible a reduction in ocean freight rates which would help our exports in their competitive struggle for world-markets. In the last campaign the most convincing evidence of the general futility of the Liberal strategy was the loss of seats like North and South Temiskaming, active centres of the mining industry, to the Conservatives in a contest fought on the fiscal issue. Under no possible circumstances can people engaged in the production of gold and silver profit by a protectionist system, and free trade within the Commonwealth would give an invaluable impetus to these mining industries which promise to become a strong buttress for our economic life. The manufacturers of pulp and paper are in exactly the same case, for they can gain nothing by protection and must suffer by it. The truth is that to-day the balance of economic interest in Canada is very heavily weighted against anything but a system of very moderate tariffs, but the politicians in control of the Liberal and Progressive parties have been too stupid or timorous to take advantage of the situation.

At present free trade within the Commonwealth has few prominent advocates in Canada, and the only important manufacturer who ever gave overt encouragement to the idea was the late Lloyd Harris in a speech delivered shortly after the war. The Conservative passion for economic nationalism makes them unresponsive to it, and as long as the Liberals are wedded to the ideal of political nationalism they cannot seriously sponsor it. But when the march of events puts the Conservative Party in power, endowed with authority to establish a higher scale of protection, and the anti-Conservative elements, equipped, let us pray, with more competent and inspiring leaders, come to formulate for themselves a new policy capable of carrying the country, they may discover that advocacy of free trade within the Commonwealth not only provides a sound and practical economic policy but might also offer a promise of generous political dividends. Moreover, the success of Mr. Wheatley and his friends in converting a powerful wing of the British Labour Party to protectionist doctrines, a fact which has evidently emboldened Mr. Baldwin to embark on further tariff adventures, holds out a possibility that the old argument of free trade within the Commonwealth being equivalent to free trade with the universe may some day soon be invalid. The British people indeed are obviously in a mood of fiscal thought

which, if they saw a real prospect of free trade within the Commonwealth, would not permit any hereditary prejudice in favour of Cobdenism to set up obstacles to its consummation.



THE CANADIAN FORUM had its origin in a desire to secure a freer and more informed discussion of public questions. Discussion is invited on editorials or articles appearing in the magazine, or on any other matters of political or artistic interest. Correspondents must confine themselves to 400 words, otherwise the Editors reserve the right to cut. The Editors are not responsible for matter printed in this column.

AS A FARMER SEES IT

To the Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM.

Sir:

Prof. Patton's article on the Douglas Theorem in your October number was of especial interest to me, as I happen to be one of those 'intelligent' Westerners who have a grasp of world conditions and are 'fond' of exotic and bizarre ideas. As an economic student (!) I find quite a difference of opinion among the intellectual giants who expound the principles of that 'dismal science' (so-called by Stephen Leacock). It gives one hope, however, to find this diversity—hope that, in future, more attention may be paid to actual facts and less to the writings of those who lived in other times, under other conditions, and built their theories on the ideas of the past, without any outlook to the future. Human Nature does not change, we are told, yet while we do not drown witches or burn heretics, we can be quite intolerant in a lesser way—a twentieth century style, so to speak.

We live in an age of intelligence. Educated people are constantly telling me of this fact. An age of invention, of automatic labour-saving machinery. In a Toronto paper I have just read that the locomotive of to-day can pull ten or twelve times as much freight as the one in use a very short time ago; freight rates, however, are still a cause of dispute. As a member of a farmer group, I have had to conduct, in my poor way, an investigation along economic lines. I find that labour-saving machinery has enabled people to produce more, much more, per head; that our producers are an increasingly smaller percentage of our population, and our distributors an increasingly larger percentage. What we gain in production, we are losing in distribution. As Ruskin would put it, were he here in the flesh: 'We have been blind leaders of the blind these many, many years'.

Henry Ford states the problem of to-day thus: 'Our present system of industry is *without plan* and *without control*. It does not know what is best for itself or best for the public'. Has he stated the problem rightly?

Industrially speaking, we are living to-day under new conditions. Intellectually speaking, we are trying to make the last century ideas fit the new conditions. We need an advance of ideas to fit the changes that advance in inventions has brought us. That is why we Western farmers are studying this new-old Theorem to see if it would solve our present-day difficulties. If it would help Great Britain, might it not be *useful* in Canada?

Yours, etc.,

Lafleche, Sask

GEORGE DOUGLAS.

THE TREND OF BUSINESS BY PHILIP WOOLFSON

	Index of Wholesale Prices in Canada (1)	Volume of Employ- ment in Canada (2)	Price of 30 Canadian Securi- ties (3)	Cost of Selected Family Budget (4)
Oct. 1925	178.0	98.3	124.6	\$21.11
Sept. "	177.0	96.6	123.1	\$21.03
Aug. "	177.1	96.3	122.7	\$21.04
July "	175.7	96.8	111.4	\$20.70
Dec. 1924	177.2	90.8	97.0	\$20.90
Nov. "	175.1	93.0	94.0	\$20.81
Oct. "	174.0	93.9	91.4	\$20.67
Sept. "	172.9	93.1	91.2	\$20.65

¹ Michell. Monetary Times. Base (=100) refers to the period 1900-09.

² Dominion Bureau of Statistics. Records obtained from Employers. Base (=100) refers to Jan. 17, 1920. Subsequent figures refer to the first of each month.

³ Michell. Monetary Times. The following common stock quotations are included in the revised Index: Dominion Steel; Nova Scotia Steel and Coal; Steel Co. of Canada; Canada Car and Foundry; Canadian Locomotive Co.; Russell Motor Co.; Canadian Cottons; Canadian Converters; Dominion Textile; Montreal Cottons; Monarch Knitting; Penmans; Wabasso Cottons; British Columbia Fishing & Packing; City Dairy; Dominion Cannery; Shredded Wheat; Tuckett's Tobacco Co.; Canada Bread; F. N. Burt; Provincial Paper; Spanish River; Howard Smith; Laurentide; Lake-of-the-Woods Milling; Ogilvie; Maple Leaf; Canada Cement; Lyall Construction; Dominion Bridge.

⁴ Labour Gazette (Ottawa).

WE shall be pleased to quote you for the purchase or sale of Government and Municipal Bonds and high grade Corporation Securities.

R. A. DALY & CO.
BANK OF TORONTO BUILDING
TORONTO

R. LAIDLAW LUMBER COMPANY, Ltd.

Founded 1871

TORONTO CANADA
"Everything in Lumber"

ARTISTS' SUPPLIES

THE
**E. HARRIS
CO., LTD.**

Paints and Oils

71-73 King St. E.
Toronto



Please mention THE CANADIAN FORUM when buying from Advertisers.

Canadian Government Municipal and Corporation Bonds

Bought--Sold--Quoted

Wood, Gundy & Company

Toronto 36 King Street West Montreal
Winnipeg Toronto New York
London, Ont. Telephone Elgin 4321 London, Eng.

The Haynes Press

PRINTERS

COMMERCIAL AND
SOCIETY PRINTING

:: of all kinds ::

502½ Yonge Street, Toronto

Whitborne Inn

169 College St. (Two Doors West of McCaul)

Phone Trinity 9354

The handiest rendezvous in Toronto, just across the street from the University, and half way between the residential and shopping districts of the city.

LUNCHEON - - 12.00 to 2.00
TEA - - - - 2.00 to 5.00
DINNER - - - 5.30 to 7.00



Swiss Steam Laundry

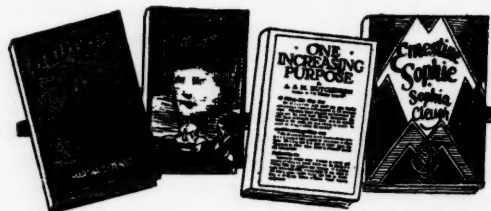
Established 1886

"SERVICE—QUALITY"

Phone Adel. 0954 for driver

BOOKS

of the Moment



WILD GEESSE. By Martha Ostenso \$2.00

The \$13,500 prize novel by a Canadian girl who writes in a convincing manner of the Canadian Northern Farm Lands.

SUSPENSE. By Joseph Conrad \$2.00

Conrad's last novel, unfinished when he died. A sincere and dramatic tale of Napoleon Bonaparte.

ONE INCREASING PURPOSE. By A. S. M. Hutchinson \$2.00

Simon Paris, seeking for a spiritual meaning in life, finds an answer to the riddle.

MY BROTHER'S FACE. By Dhan Ghopal Mukerji \$3.25

A revelation of the soul of India—a comprehensive work written simply and beautifully.

TREADING THE WINE PRESS. By Ralph Connor, \$2.00
Stirring action and devotional courage in this new novel by the author of "The Sky-Pilot."

RACHEL MARR. By Morley Roberts \$2.00

According to W. H. Hudson this book is like a Greek Tragedy—A really "great" book.

AROUND HOME. By Peter McArthur \$2.00

Full of inspiring messages from the heart of a man who loved life—Beautifully decorated by C. W. Jefferys.

WILLIAM ROBERTSON NICOLL. Life and Letters. By T. H. Darlow \$3.50

A life-like and coherent picture of a brilliant personality.

THE LIVING FOREST. By Arthur Heming \$2.00

Life next to Nature dramatically drawn in a new and profoundly interesting manner.

THE MADONNA OF THE BARRICADES. By J. St. Lee Strachey \$2.00

Paris in the revolutionary days of 1848 provides the setting for this tale of intrigue and heroism.

THE GREAT PANDOLFO. By William J. Locke \$2.00

Concerning an amazing genius with an irresistible appeal and a beautiful but stubborn heroine. An absorbing book.

THE KEEPER OF THE BEES. By Gene Stratton Porter \$2.00

Refreshingly different. A romantic nature story, the last by this beloved authoress.

CHARLES DICKENS, AND OTHER VICTORIANS. By Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch \$3.00

A new point of view on the life of Dickens. Also including studies of Thackeray, Disraeli, Mrs. Gaskell and Trollope.

MORE THINGS THAT MATTER. By Lord Riddell ... \$3.00

Obviously a brilliant book. A collection of essays ranging over a wide variety of subjects of the more intelligent sort.

ERNESTINE SOPHIE. By Sophia Cleugh \$2.00

An engrossing narrative in the same quaint and charming strain that so distinguished Mrs. Cleugh's first novel, "Matilda, Governess of the English."

THE GREEK POINT OF VIEW. By Maurice Hutton \$2.50

A markedly intellectual aspect of the Greeks by the Principal of University College, Toronto, and Professor of Greek.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS. By Viscount Gray of Fallodon. 2 Vols. Boxed \$10.00

Hailed everywhere as the outstanding book of its type of the year.

The Book Adviser will help in the selection of books. Consult her in the New Book Room

BOOK DEPARTMENT,
Main Floor, James and Albert Sts.

THE T. EATON CO. LIMITED
TORONTO CANADA



